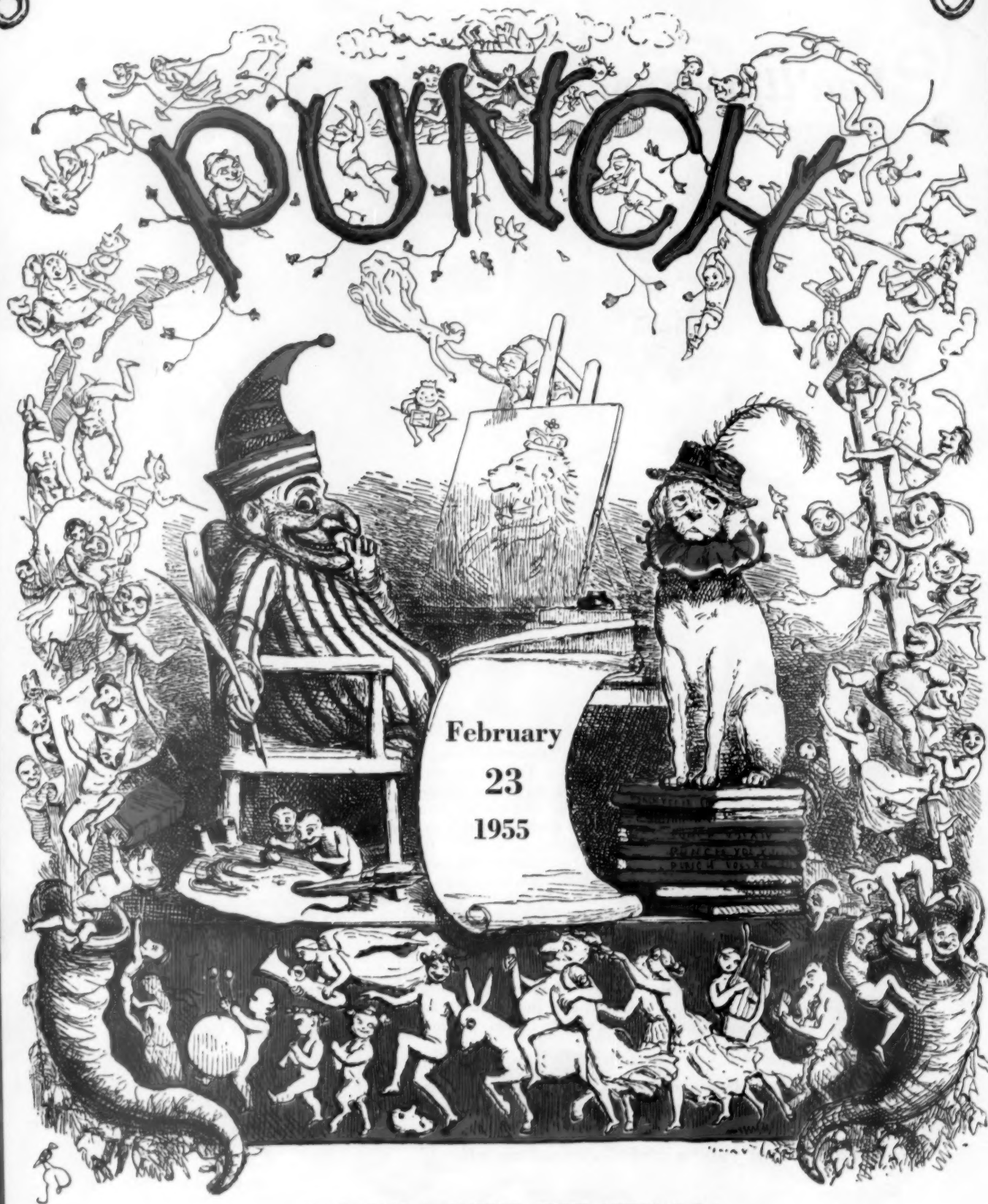


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—February 23 1955

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You'll be happy with a

G.E.C.



Really, it's almost like having a private hairdresser. You can dry your hair so pleasantly and thoroughly after you've washed it. You can set your home-perm or a new hair-style so quickly and firmly.

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Designed for beauty

It's streamlined, modern. Lovely to look at and finished in gleaming cream

plastic. It is easy to hold and to use. The stand is optional, but not easy to do without—and you'll be glad if you buy it.

Easy control—and guaranteed

There are only two switches. One to turn it on and off. The other to provide a steady flow of quick-drying hot air. Perfectly simple, and it is guaranteed for 12 months. What a lovely present for a birthday or a wedding . . . or indeed for yourself at any time.

DM395 £4.19.9

(Stand 19/- extra)

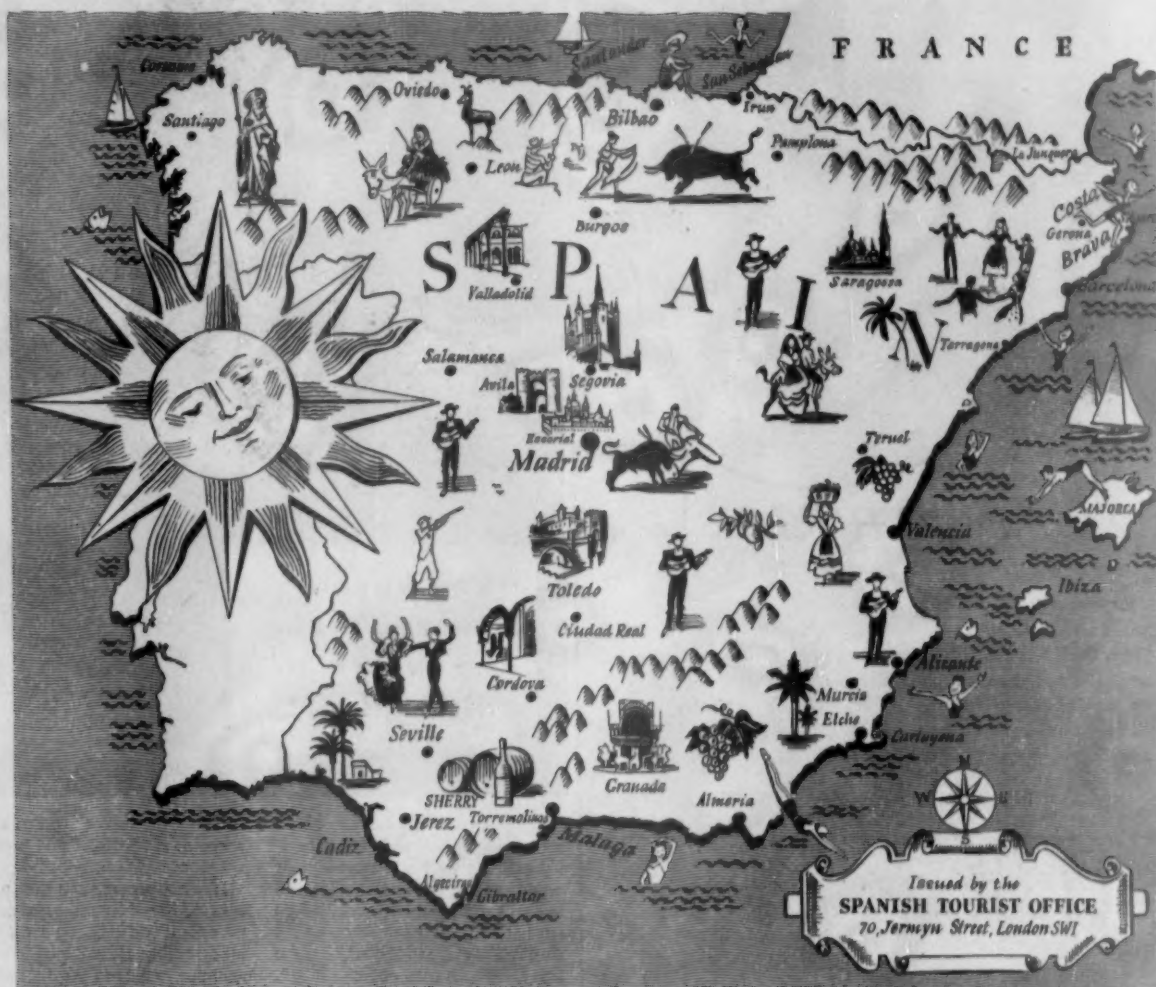
Both prices include Purchase Tax.

You must see these other **G.E.C.** favourites

Obtainable from your usual electrical supplier

The Bride's Iron
Super-speed Kettle
Fast working Toaster
Cleaners and Floor Polisher.

The General Electric Co. Ltd.



So much to do — so much to remember

There's so much to find in Spain — beaches and bullfights, villages and vineyards; old walled towns and crumbling red castles, cathedrals, palaces, and some of the finest picture galleries in the world. Gay fiestas, dancing, processions . . .

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At midnight the evening is still young.

So much to do, so much to remember. Spain gives you history, beauty, warmth and welcome . . .

And so little to pay! Something magical seems to happen to your pounds when they turn to pesetas. You've never lived so well and paid so little for it. Hotels cannot over-charge you — by law! Your hotel room and all your meals can come to less than £1 a day. Some Spanish wines cost less than a shilling a bottle. All this — and that sunshine too!

Come to sunny **SPAIN**

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the
smart
seamless
cap

by

CARRICK

Est. 1790

Off to the pictures?

You won't want to balance a hat on your lap through the show. Take your Carricap. That's the smart thing to do. It will tuck away in your pocket and you won't know it's there. The Carricap—in a choice of 18 colours including Maroon, Navy, Moss Green, Camel, Medium Grey and Havana—costs only 10/6.

From leading men's stores and outfitters throughout the country.

William Carrick and Sons Limited. One of the Kangol Group.

When the meal's
an occasion ...



Make friends
with
Martell
CORDON BLEU

A fine liqueur brandy



**"Yes, he said
I needn't take
on extra staff
after all ..."**

"YOU KNOW when our orders were going up and up? Our accountant told me we might have to take on more staff. So we decided to call in the Burroughs man. It couldn't do any harm and his advice was free ... As it is, I'm more than glad. He went into the details with our accountant, then showed us how we could mechanize our accounting at low cost—and save a lot of overtime. He certainly knew his job ..."

The Burroughs man is always at your disposal without cost. He is an experienced adviser on *all* accounting and record-keeping systems, and well qualified to work in co-operation with your accountant and auditor.

He has a complete knowledge of mechanized accounting. But he won't propose changing your accounting methods just to suit certain machines. Rather, after a full analysis of your

problem, he will make proposals for a rapid, economical and *workable* solution.

If he does recommend a new system, he will prepare a detailed plan for it and help you get it working smoothly. He will make sure you continue to get *full* benefit from any Burroughs machine you install.

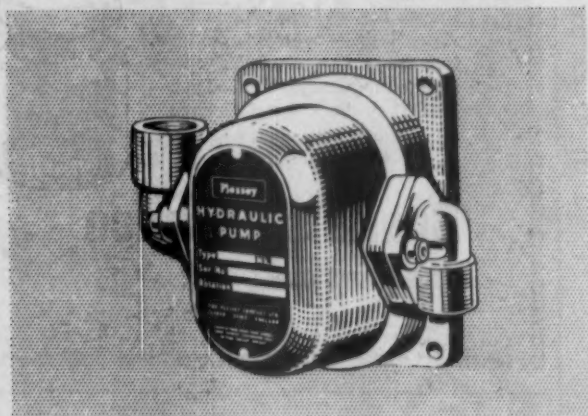
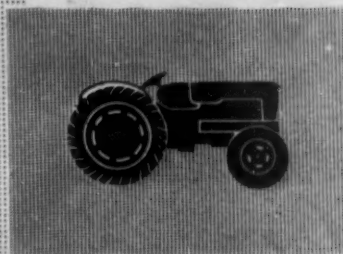
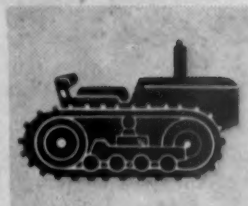
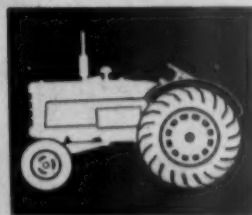
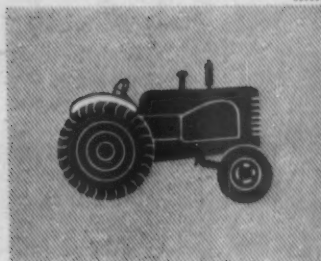
Whatever your business, large or small—if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you solve it. Burroughs make the world's widest range of Adding, Calculating, Accounting, Billing and Statistical Machines and Microfilm Equipment. Call in the Burroughs man as soon as you like—you're committed to nothing and his advice is free. You'll find the number of your nearest Burroughs office in your local telephone book. Burroughs Adding Machine Ltd., Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FOR EXPERT ADVICE ON BUSINESS SYSTEMS

CALL IN THE **Burroughs MAN**



One Burroughs man solved this problem. The Phonotas Co. Ltd. (weekly telephone cleaning and sterilizing service) have 80,000 separate accounts; until recently, in London and in provincial offices, figures were copied by hand. As this led to errors and delays, they called in this Burroughs man, Mr. J. G. Winterbottom (left). He showed Phonotas how, with two typewriter-accounting machines, and two abbreviated-description accounting machines, they could halve their accounting time, and obtain up-to-date figures—all without extra staff



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tractor manufacturers
rely on

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hydraulic pumps

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The Plessey unique design HYDRAULIC PUMP is the basis of the heavy lift operation of agricultural implements in modern British "powered" cultivation. It is typical of countless vital products supplied by Plessey to the Mechanical, Electrical, Electronic and Aircraft engineering industries.

Managements in these industries are invited to acquaint themselves with the vast development and productive potential of the Plessey Group of Companies when considering forward production of finely engineered equipments.



Illustrated are: The Massey-Harris 744 Diesel, the Bristol '22', the McCormick International Super BWD-6 and the New Fordson Major.

*You can
now get*



After 15 years of rationing, restrictions on our purchases of American Virginia leaf have been eased. Now, for the first time since 1939, we can greatly increase the output of our best cigarettes, using leaf tobacco of our own selection.

*Rothmans
de Luxe
cigarettes*

Rothmans well known Mail Order Service is therefore being discontinued, and all Rothman shops (except No. 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1) have been transferred to the ownership of approved tobacconists.

everywhere in
London*

We are distributing our cigarettes through the retail tobacco trade—at first in London only, and later throughout the country. There are two superb brands—Rothmans de Luxe, in the black and white pack at 3/9d. for 20, and Pall Mall, Britain's first cigarette with the built-in filter, at 3/7d. for 20.

★ almost, and if not, please tell us.

Rothmans of Pall Mall

5 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

MAKERS OF FINE CIGARETTES SINCE 1890

P4

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1 DURING the attack

Aches and pains, a temperature? Straight to bed! At this stage you won't need much solid food. But Brand's Essence (so valuable in grave illness) is different. It is easy to take at frequent intervals as a jelly, or as a warm drink, or in milk. The protein in Brand's Essence helps to maintain your strength and keep your system going, with no strain on the digestion.

2 For QUICK recovery

Over the fever, but still shaky? No appetite, though you need nourishment? You will find that Brand's Essence is the perfect answer. A gentle stimulant for your digestion, it revives your appetite, helps you soon to eat and enjoy the food you need. Throughout, Brand's Essence helps to maintain and increase your own reserves of strength.



Brand's Essence

BEEF OR CHICKEN

Ma grand'tante
MY GREAT-AUNT
a fait une belle
HAS MADE A HANDSOME
lampe de table
TABLE LAMP
d'une bouteille de
FROM A BOTTLE OF
Dubonnet. Son mari
DUBONNET. HER HUSBAND
voudrait bien savoir
WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW
faire l'inverse.

TO REVERSE THE PROCESS.

As the mainstay of a party or a general raiser of morale Dubonnet is unrivalled. Remember too that this famous French aperitif does not affect the liver, and that the price of a large bottle is 20/-. Ask for Dubonnet today—all bars and wine merchants stock it.

DUBONNET does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.





How
to prune
a
hardy
perennial

Whether it crops up every two years, or every three or four, the prospect of having to redecorate his premises is something no business man views with eagerness. But there is a way round — a way to cut decorators' time, reduce disorganisation of staff and postpone subsequent redecorations for a long, long while. Its name is PAMMASTIC — Blundell's Plastic Emulsion Coating. PAMMASTIC needs no primer or undercoat and dries in an hour. It can be applied to most wall surfaces, and can be washed and scrubbed as often as required. No wonder so many far-sighted companies are turning to this way of weeding out unnecessary expense.

PAMMASTIC

The perfect paint for walls and ceilings

For full details please write to:

BLUNDELL, SPENCE AND COMPANY LIMITED. Makers of Paints since 1811
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AGA HEAT LIMITED
102/16 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1.
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)





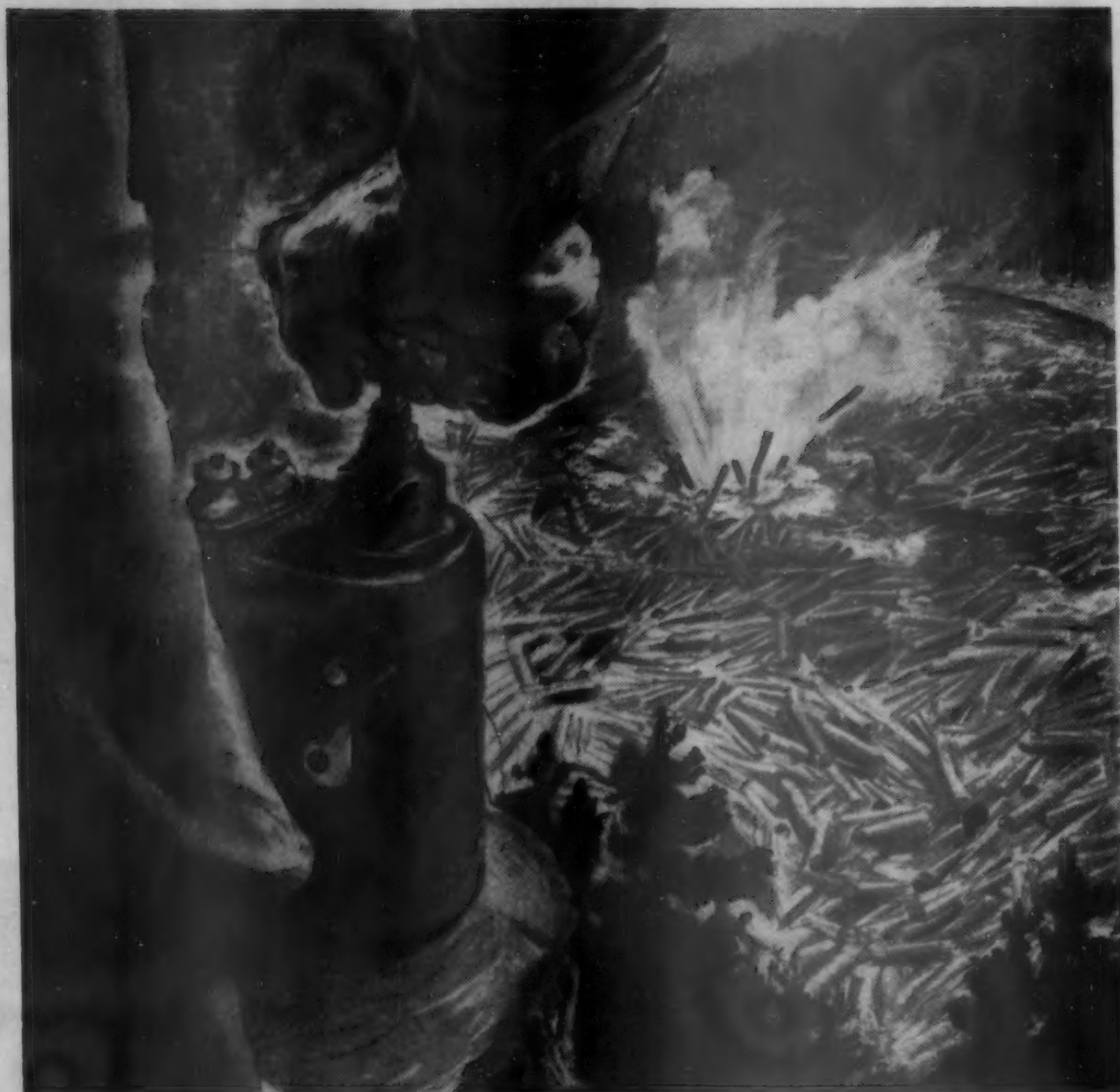
the word for



*I am Sir Creamy Knut
famous mascot of Sharp's Toffee*



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.,
OF MAIDSTONE, KENT
"The Toffee Specialists"



DOWN GOES THE PLUNGER and in the river distance a white, white plume goes up, sudden and silent. Seconds later comes the sound, the crack of the explosion, a thundering, a rumbling. The jam is cleared. The logs are free to jostle and leap and run with the current, glistening, wet, shining as they go, travelling with the river to the mills. It's all in the day's work in Scandinavia where, at Bowaters' groundwood mills, spruce is pulped and pressed, baled and loaded into ships to cross the North Sea, destined for the Bowater paper mills in the United Kingdom.

Every day of the year the Bowater Organisation is at work converting timber into woodpulp into paper. From its mills in Europe and North America comes newsprint in a never-ending stream for the newspapers and journals of the world; other printing papers for the magazines and reviews that carry colour and interest into countless lives; paper for the protection of food and for packages of almost infinite versatility.

Bowaters



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SERVICE APARTMENTS.
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room, two rooms or
suite. In the heart of
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for go-as-you-please, carefree holidays at any one of 300
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to enjoy the exciting variety of food and wines, and
excellent service wherever you go—to forget all your cares
and your worries, and go French this year for pleasure.*

Get your copy of the folder "Seaside Resorts"
from your TRAVEL AGENT, or from the

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Verte", 500 miles from Paris
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Sud-Express, 7 hours from
Paris to Biarritz; by Air
(B.E.A.), 3 hours from
London to Biarritz; Five
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You have arrived... And, as it glides into position, your Riley 1½ litre Saloon attracts approving eyes; draws eager comments. Today especially, this car with its classic low-swept lines... with the characterful grace that proclaims its essentially English design... stands out among others within, and far beyond, its price class. Nor does it ask to be judged alone by its obvious lines of distinction. Handling it, you realise all the worth of Riley craftsmanship behind that beautifully balanced steering; that masterly acceleration; those superb road-holding qualities. Here is a car that is looked up to in motoring circles because it lives up to a famous tradition...

★ The Brilliant RILEY PATHFINDER. Outstanding performance,
luxurious accommodation for six and lavish equipment.
Riley Models are fitted with Safety Glass all round



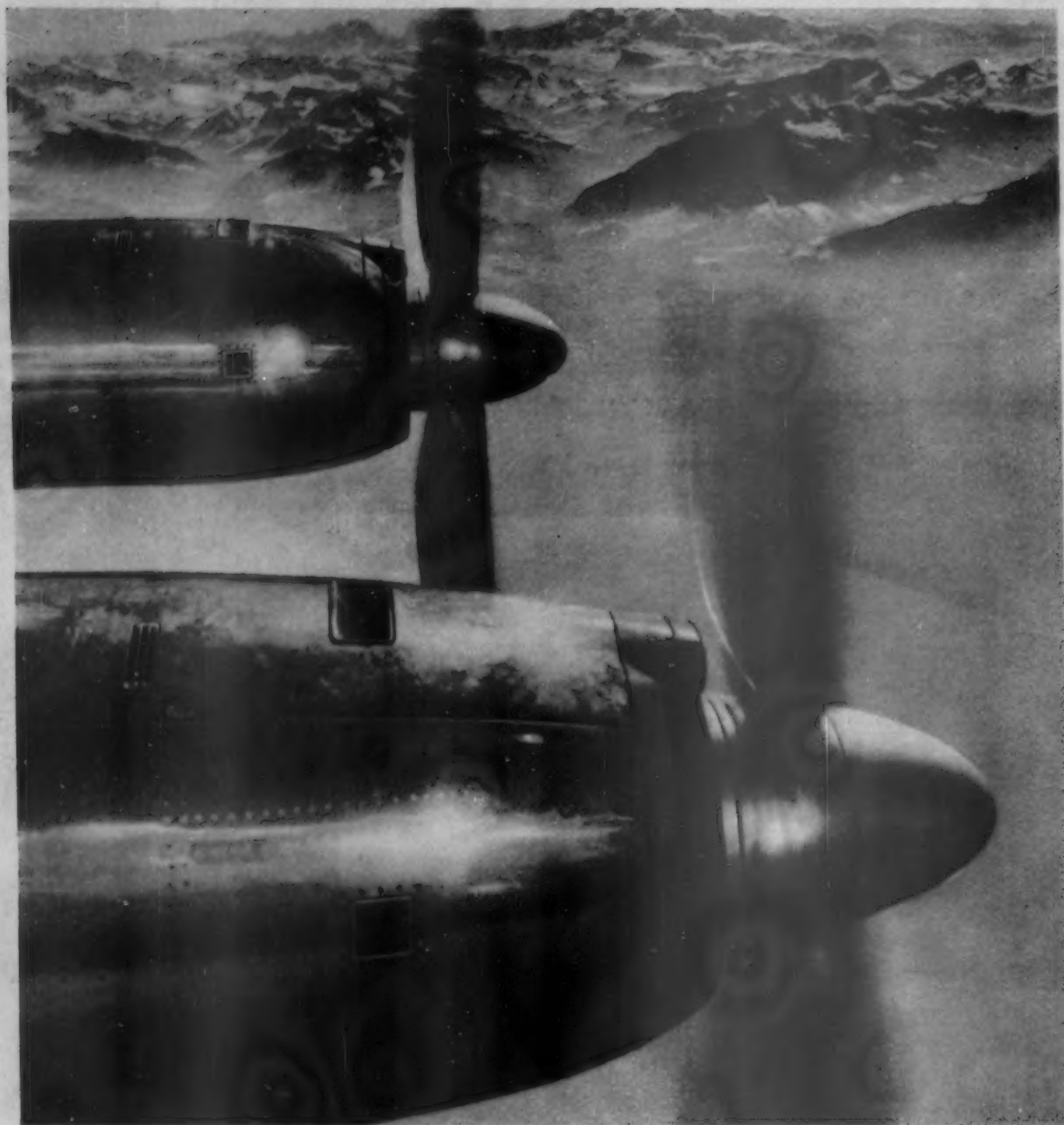
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REMEMBER—
Quality and dependability
are guaranteed by the B.M.C.
Used-Car Warranty and you
are certain of a good deal
when you sell.



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BP MEANS POWER in the air ; power both for supersonic jets and piston-engined aircraft.

The BP Aviation Service provides the power for many well-known national airlines. Its green and yellow symbol stands for swift and efficient

service on airfields in places as far apart as Iceland and Fiji.

In the air, on land and at sea, BP products and BP research are speeding the pace of progress all over the world.

The BP Shield is the symbol of the world-wide organisation of



The British Petroleum Company Limited

(PREVIOUSLY ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LIMITED)

whose products include BP Super Motor Spirit and BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil



Two types of Socks

Wool (nylon reinforced).

Knitted from non-felting wool,

nylon reinforced at wear points. *9/11*

Blended. Blend of non-felting wool and nylon;

nylon reinforced at wear points. *7/11*

Boys' stockings about *8/6* to *11/6*. Sizes $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 10

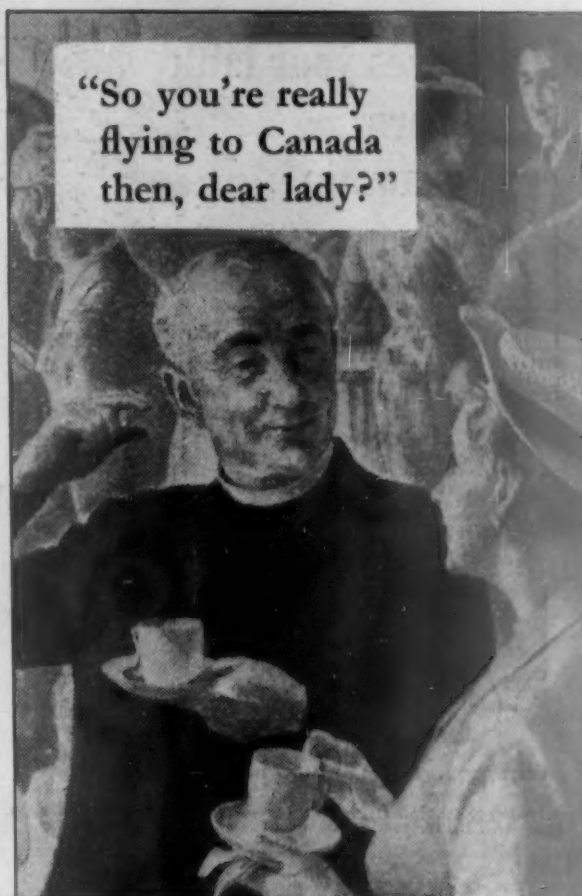
TOOTAL socks carry the TOOTAL guarantee of satisfaction.

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need less darning

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"So you're really flying to Canada then, dear lady?"

"Just like the film stars, vicar.
By TCA *Super Constellation*,
the last word in luxury,
I'm told."



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TCA *Super Constellations* offer the most frequent service from London and Glasgow overnight to Montreal and Toronto, with same-day TCA connections to take you across Canada and to major U.S. cities. Only by TCA can you travel from Britain to Canada in these magnificent *Super Constellations* in which you have the choice of either luxurious First Class or exceptionally comfortable Tourist accommodation.

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Early in 1955 TCA are introducing the famous Viscount turbo-prop aircraft on selected inter-city routes. This service will soon be extended to some important U.S. cities as well.

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Fully-reclining Siesta Seats, superb cuisine, fine wines, attentive staff.

RETURN FARES*

London to Montreal £220.18.0.
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TOURIST

Spacious cabins, specially-designed seats, complimentary meals.

RETURN FARES*

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* Approved IATA off-season fares.

If you travel before the end of March you can get the benefit of TCA's low off-season fares. Your Travel Agent will tell you how much you save.

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AIR LINES

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In its standard of construction, the Minty Sectional Bookcase belongs to an age which has passed; but in everything else it is as up-to-date as this minute — its design scrupulously worked out to combine the greatest possible strength with lines which are clean, aesthetic and satisfying. Mainly constructed in oak, walnut or mahogany, Minty Sectional Bookcases can be enlarged as your library grows. Available only from Minty Ltd. Deferred terms gladly arranged.

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Starved AMIDST Plenty?

Not you, surely? Then why have you been feeling under the weather, irritable, exhausted and depressed? You can look and feel young only as long as you preserve your vitality . . . and this depends on your intake of vitamins.

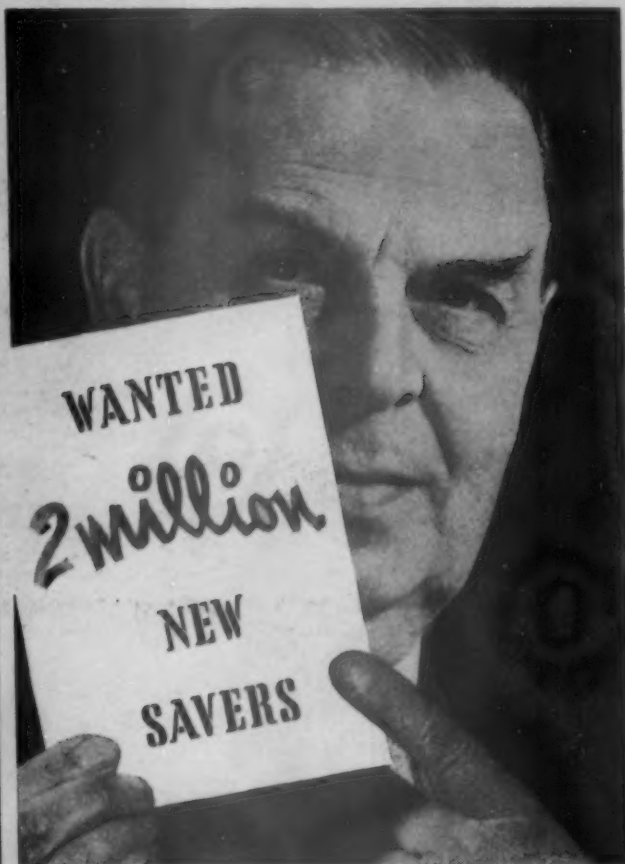
Here are signs of vitamin shortage: loss of energy, undue fatigue, depression, nervous indigestion and 'jitters'.



Two 'Supavite' Capsules, taken daily as a food supplement, provide the body's normal need of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C, D and E plus Nicotinamide and necessary mineral salts. Within two to three weeks you will feel the increase of vitality which 'Supavite' always brings to those who need it. Start today. Every chemist stocks 'Supavite'.

Revitalise your system
for 4d. a day —
with a course of

SUPAVITE
VITAMIN CAPSULES
15 DAYS' SUPPLY 8/-
48 DAYS' SUPPLY 16/3



PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM LORD MACKINTOSH

"As Chairman of the National Savings Committee there's no need to tell you I'm right behind this grand NEW SAVERS Campaign. It's working up to something really big, but we're not home yet. So let's keep at it until we reach our goal!"

ALL JOIN IN!

You can find out how to become a New Saver from your Bank, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank, where full information will gladly be given to you.

You'll probably find in your factory, street, school or club, a Savings Group you can join. Whether you decide to join this Group, or start saving on your own, the Voluntary Worker who runs the Group will gladly give you helpful advice about

the different methods of saving — by buying National Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds, and by opening an account in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank. In any case you can start saving right away.

Another way to become a New Saver is by using some of your Savings Stamps to buy a 15/- Certificate or to open an account in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank with 5/-

BECOME A NEW SAVER TODAY!

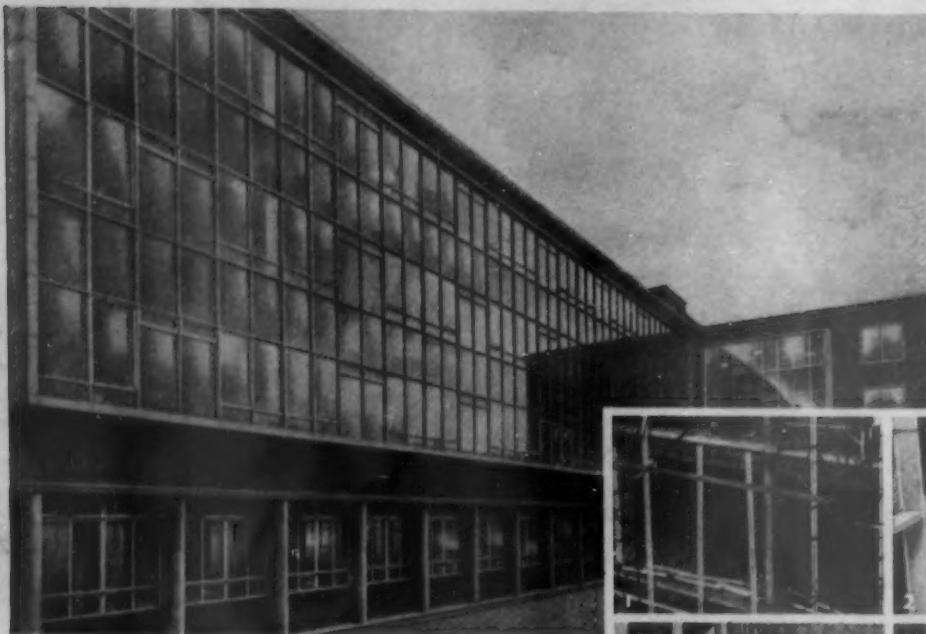
Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7



*Hot stuff in tubes
are
Accles & Pollock*

*These finned steel tubes are a new
Accles & Pollock development. Not to be too technical
— they are used in things called heat exchangers and dispel
a lot of hot air quickly, which is probably why the
Directors here are so fond of them ; but it's
very skilful steel tube making, isn't it ?*

This wall went up in 5 days!



Drawing Office: Messrs. Clarke Chapman & Co. Ltd., Gateshead.
Architects: Messrs. Chas. S. Errington, L.A.R.I.B.A., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
Assistant in charge: K. Kennedy, A.R.I.B.A.

WALLSPAN

OUTER WALLS ARE THE QUICKEST WAY TO GET NEW BUILDINGS INTO BUSINESS

How Wallspace goes up so quickly. Wallspace is the logical way of constructing outside walls for modern multi-storey buildings.

Wallspace is a grid of aluminium alloy, formed of box-section vertical and horizontal members, which is readily bolted on the structure of the building. Into it are fixed windows and doors and the rest of the grid is quickly filled with any of a wide variety of durable, weatherproof panelling. You may, if you wish, get business going floor by floor as Wallspace goes up!

The panelling used can be any of a score of different materials in numerous textures and colours—glass, stone, metal, wood and many other substances.

Wallspace gives you more floor space. The weight of a modern building is carried by the structural frame, not the outer walls, which are merely protective and decorative and carry the windows. So the Wallspace grid need be no more than 5 inches thick with panels half that thickness. This means extra rentable space all round every floor: hundreds more square feet in any sizeable building!

And more warmth! The slender panels in the Wallspace grid can be constructed to provide up to 50 per cent better heat-retention than cavity brick walls. And maintenance is negligible. There's no pointing or painting. The walls can be washed down occasionally . . . by the window cleaners.

It will be well worth your while to discuss with your Architect the use of Wallspace in any new building you are planning—offices, factory, shop, stores, warehouse, school . . .



- 1 Fixing the vertical aluminium members—they are so light in weight that one man can easily handle the largest of them!
- 2 The grid is fixed—floor by floor.
- 3 This is how the panels go in . . .
- 4 . . . and are clipped into place by a neat aluminium beading.

Extensions to this building had to go upward owing to site limitations. Three floors have been added to the original single-storey office and these have Wallspace walls.

The elevation illustrated is 115 ft. 7 in. long and 27 ft. 9 in. high. The Wallspace grid carries aluminium framed opening casements and fixed glazing. The opaque panels are green Vitrolite.

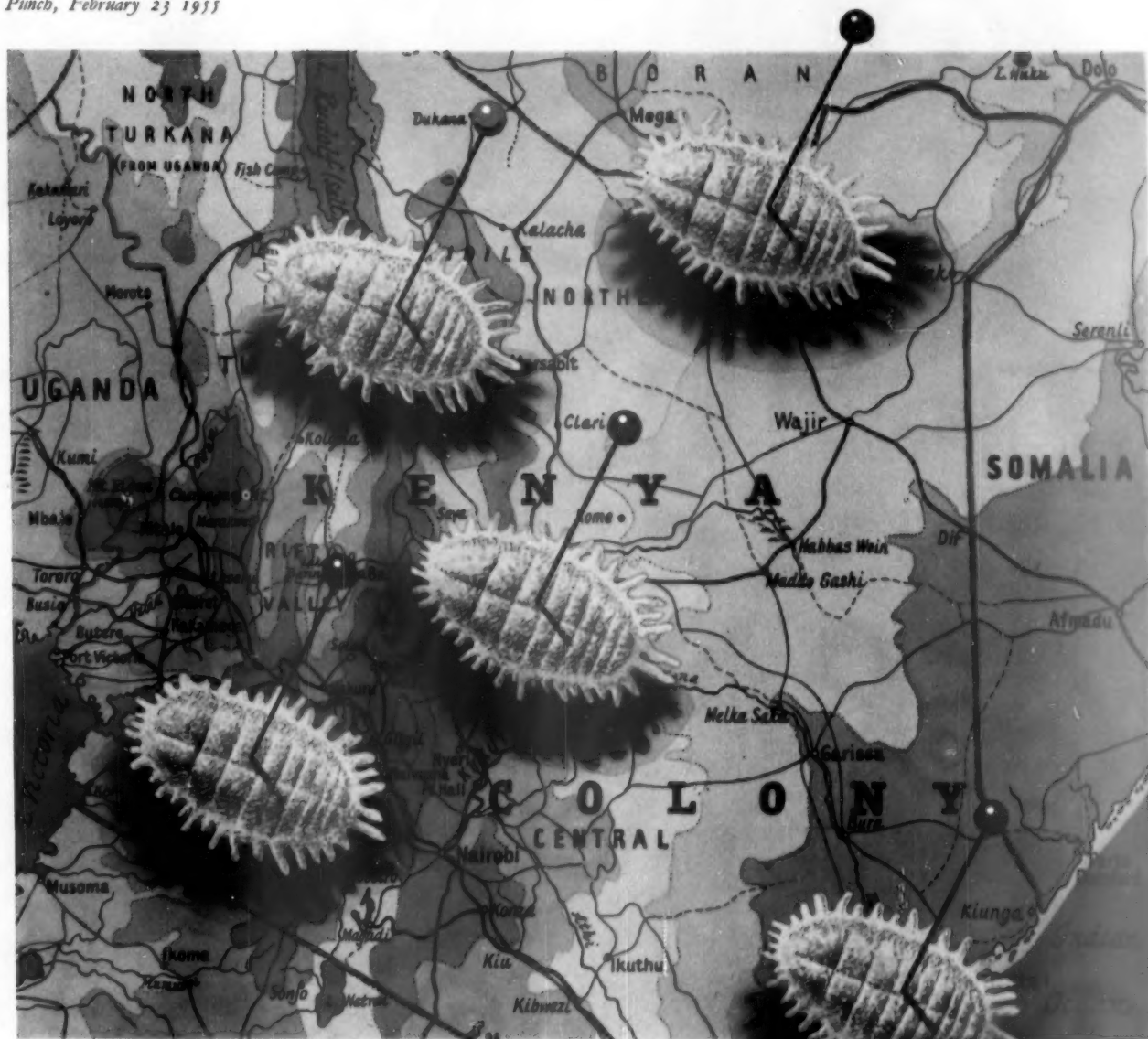
This Wallspace framework was fixed in FIVE DAYS by a routine-strength Williams & Williams fixing team and without working overtime!

WALLSPAN CURTAIN WALLING

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS

RELiance WORKS · CHESTER

You'll be using your building sooner—much sooner—if it has Wallspace walls!



The case of *Pseudococcus kenyae* . . .


P. kenyae is a mealy bug which feeds on the sap of Kenya's coffee trees and spreads disease through the plantations. Given the chance, predatory insects soon clean up infestations—but between the mealy bug and the predators stands a species of ant. In return for a secretion of 'honeydew' the ants protect the mealy bugs from their natural enemies. Direct control of the pest has always been difficult, because mealy bugs wear waxen coats which throw off insecticides. However, Kenya coffee growers have solved the problem by using the Shell insecticide *dieldrin*—against the ants. *Dieldrin* is a powerful and persistent ant destroyer. One low-cost application to the stems of the coffee trees acts as a lethal barrier to the ants for at least two months, by which time the predatory insects have moved in and killed the mealy bugs.

Dieldrin is one of the newer Shell insecticides, effective against a very wide range of crop-destroying pests. Its exceptional persistence, sure kill and lower dosages are now aiding agricultural production throughout the world. It is also extensively used as a residual spray against disease-carrying insects.

Aldrin—another recent Shell development—is fast becoming recognised as the best of all insecticides for the control of pests in the soil.

Is there an urgent pest problem in your area?

dieldrin

dieldrin and aldrin are  insecticides for worldwide use

For further information apply to your Shell Company

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A GAMES

across the world north, south, east and west the driver of virtually every British car—and many a foreign one—receives constant, undemanding service from the many Wilmot Breedon components which contribute in no small way to his comfort and safety.

Wide technical resources, specialised modern machinery and the keenness and skill of our 6,000 workers give these components a true fitness for purpose with a reserve of quality against the abnormal and the unforeseen.

WILMOT BREEDEN LIMITED BIRMINGHAM LONDON MANCHESTER GLASGOW

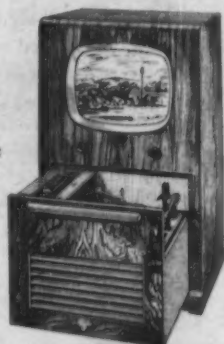


EXTREMELY SATISFACTORY RESULTS

The twenty-fifth annual general meeting of The Decca Record Company Limited was held on February 8 in London. Sir Cyril F. Entwistle, Q.C., M.C. (the chairman), who presided, said: The balance from the consolidated trading account, amounting to £1,701,206, shows an increase over the previous year of £379,274. I feel sure you will regard this result as extremely satisfactory. The net profit for the year after providing for increased taxation is £415,908, an increase of £27,014. To finance various capital commitments made necessary through the increase in the Company's scale of operations and to provide additional working capital, we are making an issue to Ordinary shareholders of one share for every four held at 15s. per share. We also offered the unissued balance of £250,000 4½ per cent. Notes to note-holders and shareholders at 98½ per cent. It is also proposed to capitalise £350,201 4s. of the share premium account resulting from the new issue of Ordinary shares and distribute one "A" Ordinary share free in respect of each two existing Ordinary shares.

The Current Year

Our record business has shown a substantial increase to date over the same period of the year under review both in home and overseas markets, and we have reason to believe that production from our plants in this country has been greater than that of any other company or group of companies. We have a fine range of television and radiogramophone models, demand for which has exceeded our capacity to supply.



Decca Tele-radio-gram



Marine Radar Pedestal

Perhaps the most significant commercial development during the current year has been the signing of a contract with the Bendix Aviation Corporation of Detroit, Michigan.

The co-operation with Bendix opens up immense potentialities in the United States.

Radar

With the considerable expansion that has taken place during the current year in Decca radar activities, orders for marine radar have increased substantially and now amount to equipment for over 3,700 ships operated by over 870 different ship owners, Governments or Authorities. The Decca Airfield Control Radar has found wide acceptance. Exports have been maintained at a high level accounting for almost two-thirds of our commercial radar turnover during the current year. A large proportion of the Company's research and development capacity is engaged in work of a most advanced character as a result of contracts received from Government Departments and large orders are in hand for production of equipment of this nature. We have continued to retain our position amongst the leaders in the electronic field. Turnover for the year to date shows a substantial increase over that of the same period in the previous year. We are assured of another very successful year's trading and look forward to the future with every confidence.



Airfield Radar



Decca Navigator (Marine)

Navigator for Sweden

The Decca Navigator business has made striking progress during the current year. The flow of contracts for new hirings and the sale of equipment have been fully maintained, and the number of fittings and contracts now covers equipment for more than 2,600 ships and aircraft. The Royal Swedish Navy is announcing to-day its decision to place a contract for the construction of a permanent navigational chain of Decca transmitting stations in the area of Stockholm. B.E.A. Viscounts continue to get good service from the Decca Navigator, the flight log in many cases proving invaluable. Many experienced pilots have expressed the opinion that Decca can make a bigger contribution to the safety and reliability of air travel than any other known navigational aid.

DECCA

THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED, 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

The yardstick for anti-icing properties

—reports leading carburettor manufacturer

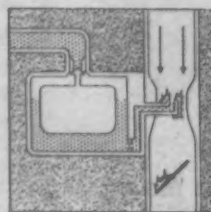
ONE of Britain's leading carburettor manufacturers who has just completed a series of extensive carburettor tests with a number of well-known anti-icing petrols, states:—

"during the very extensive tests which we have carried out on our icing rig, we have found Winter Grade Esso Extra to be the best fuel, from the non-icing point of view, of those we have tried, and now normally use this fuel as a yardstick to assess the anti-icing qualities of other fuels."

Here again is proof that Esso Extra is in a class by itself. A million motorists have found this wonderful petrol unbeatable for quick starting, power and acceleration — and remember, Esso Extra takes care of your valves and your engine.

Your carburettor is a refrigerator!

A spot of petrol on your hand has the same effect as the refrigerant in your refrigerator — you can feel the spot cooling on your hand instantly. This cooling effect takes place in your carburettor. During cold, damp weather the evaporation of petrol freezes moisture in the air and forms ice inside the carburettor (see diagram) shutting off the air flow, causing increased petrol consumption, loss of power and sometimes engine stalling. This cannot happen with Winter Grade Esso Extra.



You can't beat



WINTER GRADE

THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD



PUNCH



CHARIVARIA

THE T.U.C.'s warning about the dangers of Continental visits by M.P.s received a timely boost when the Channel Tunnel project was again shelved. No politician wants to be continually stopped in the street and asked to form a Government.

Cosy Corner

"THOSE Tea Prices Got M.P.s Boiling," said the *Mirror*; and the *Mail*: "Angry M.P.s Stir Up the Tea." The *Express* spoke of the "Teacup Storm," and drove the point home with a drawing. "Tea Row Boils Over in Commons," announced the *News Chronicle*, and the *Sketch* headed its survey "The Storm Over Your Teacup." And having reported facts under "Party Stir Over Tea" *The Times* added one for the pot with a leader beginning: "The British teacup has been so stormy during recent months..." In short, though nobody wanted a tea crisis, it did wonders for freshly-brewed metaphor.

Time to Make a Living

PUPILS of a Chicago school are instructed to roll dice three hundred times and keep a record of the numbers



that come up, the idea being to convince them that odds are consistently against winning. Pupils who find, in the course of the experiment, that their odds are consistently the other way are wasting their time at school in any case.

Flash

NEWSPAPER readers preoccupied with dispatches from Formosa, Moscow and Whitehall may have overlooked the announcement by America's Edison

Company that the electricity generated by stroking 9,200,000,000 cats on a cold day would only light a seventy-five-watt bulb for a minute.

That Man's Shouting After You

MOTORISTS everywhere have hailed the impending introduction of safety-belts for cars. Married men hope for the early borrowing of another tip from the aircraft designers—backward-facing passenger seats.

Not Much Better, Really

GAS fires provided in new blocks of L.C.C. flats at Putney Heath are too small to heat the rooms, say the tenants. The Council has therefore had thermo-



graphs installed to record the temperatures, and tenants who haven't quite got the hang of the experiment are huddling hopefully round these.

Twopence Coloured

FOR seventeen and sixpence you can buy *The* (censored) *Mint*; Uncut, three guineas and a half, with saucy words in print. The extra price for filling in the blanks seems rather tall. When all may see, without a fee, the writing on the wall.

Almost Ideal

ACCORDING to *Electronics Digest* American shoppers will soon be able to get their groceries in an "electronically arranged food store," where they will simply stand on a moving floor, select their requirements simply by pointing at them as they pass, and then be borne along to an exit where the purchases will be waiting, "packaged and added up." But not, unfortunately, paid for.

Three Quid's Three Quid

TELEVISION licences have topped the four million mark. It is a frightening thought for the performer—that he is appearing on about five million screens.

No Bone Award

CIRCULATED to editors by the National Canine Defence League is a letter beginning bluntly "It is reported that a dog was beaten at what is called an obedience training school," and going on to denounce the incident as old-fashioned and barbaric. "Kindness, patience and understanding," the note ends, "are recommended for the best results." However, this rather dashes the dog's hopes of suing the teacher.

Leave Ill Alone

WHETHER concerned with man or beast, nature's pattern remains much the same. A Ministry of Agriculture announcement points out that the destruction of rabbits by myxomatosis



has left more food available for wood-pigeons, which have therefore risen to top place in the farmer's pest parade. In the same way Government intervention in farming matters, while aiming to remove long-established grounds for discontent in rural areas, has opened the way for an insufferable volume of Ministry of Agriculture announcements.

Nothing to do with Acrobats

SPEAKING at a luncheon of the Eastern Regional Board for Industry, Mr. H. Brooke, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury, told his audience, "Industrial growth and industrial

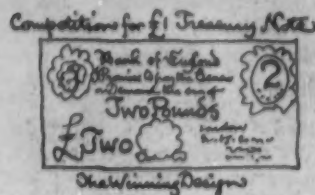
change—these, I hope you will agree, are among the chief concerns of regional boards." They agreed, of course, reflecting that a grasp of subject is among the chief concerns of political speakers.

He Who Reads May Run

LACK of eagerness for jungle duty may have prompted the Crown Agents to include, in a recent advertisement for Supernumerary Inspectors of Police in Kenya, the phrase, "men who normally wear glasses are eligible." Even so, it's really up to the wearer. A man likes to be able to distinguish a panga from a green branch at ten yards or so.

Here To-day . . .

THE colour, form and design of the Treasury note, suggests Sir Thomas



Moore, M.P., should be altered in order to "improve its appearance." Better still, to prolong it.

The Irish Again

A PRESS release from Northern Ireland announces that the Ulster Transport Authority made a profit of £70,000 last year. The figure looks perfectly absurd against the British Transport Commission's impressive losses.

No Change

Two-colour window posters with the invitation "Shop Here—Save Here" have been distributed to shopkeepers by the *Daily Express*, and are being displayed practically everywhere but in Fleet Street, where newspapers continue, without exception, to retail at the old exorbitant price.

Faith Also Ran

(Judges in the New Statesman "Faith and Reason" essay competition are Mr. Kingsley Martin, Mr. Stuart Hampshire, Dr. J. Bronowski and Prof. H. A. Hodges.)

Competitions on Religion
Scarcely seem the *Statesman's* pigeon,
Till one notices the odds—
Three to one against the gods.



WHERE IS THE VOTE OF MY DEPUTY?



WHO is the Prime Minister of France?

The week before last M. Mendès-France was the Prime Minister of France. Last week M. Pinay was the Prime Minister of France. Then it was M. Pflimlin, and then it was M. Pineau.

Why does M. Bidault hate M. Mendès-France?

Because they belong to different parties.

Why does M. Mayer hate M. Mendès-France?

Because they belong to the same party. Does M. Mendès-France drink milk? Yes, but not in Italy.

What is M. Bidault up to?

M. Bidault thinks that he will be a Minister in the next Government but seven.

How long will that Government last?

That Government will perhaps last three weeks.

What will M. Bidault do when he is a Minister?

M. Bidault will do nothing whatsoever when he is a Minister.

Why does M. Bidault want to be a Minister?

Everybody wants to be a Minister.

Is everybody a Minister at some time or another?

Yes, everybody is a Minister at some time or another.

Does M. Bidault drink milk?

No. M. Bidault does not drink very much milk.

Why could not M. Pflimlin go on being a Minister?

M. Pflimlin had a plan for agriculture. No one can go on being a Minister if he has a plan for agriculture.

Why should not this sort of thing go on and on for ever and ever?

Because the deputies all love their country. So they have to have a Government every once in a while. Otherwise they could not vote their salaries.

Why do the French hate the Americans?

Because the Americans gave them a lot of money.

What is the Socialist party called in France?

The Socialist party in France is called the Socialist party.

What is the anti-Socialist party called in France?

The anti-Socialist party in France is called the Radical Socialist party.

What is the Conservative party called in France?

The Conservative party in France is called the Radical party.

I read in the paper that your uncle's cousin has been made Minister of Finance. May I congratulate you?

It is not necessary to congratulate me. I already have an appointment.

Have you got the pen of my aunt?

Yes, I charged it to the expense account.

M. Duclos is a Communist. M. Duclos is a deputy. There is more in common between two deputies one of whom is a Communist than there is between two Communists, one of whom is a deputy.

Do you wish to fight a duel?

No, I do not wish to fight a duel, but, if I challenge a journalist to a duel I shall get a lot of publicity.

It will not be necessary to fight the duel. The police will stop that. That is what the police are for.

It is well known to all the world that the French are a very logical people.

C. H.





Childe Roland to the dark power came.

Can Hollywood Save the Peace?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

REPORTS are conflicting and spokesmen evasive. It is hard to see, through the fog of war, just what is going on. Only one thing is established: Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth Century Fox are all convinced that they hold the film rights of *War and Peace*, and each studio is resolved to make it, despite the avowed intention of the other two to do the same.

According to recent dispatches the three are in varying states of preparedness. M.G.M. have filed their claim with the Title Bureau of the Motion Picture Association of America, and Paramount have already fired some preliminary exterior shots; but it is the aggressive action of Twentieth Century Fox which has seized the attention of world peace-lovers, for Fox have recruited thirty thousand troops of the Yugoslav Army, by arrangement with President Tito's government. You don't move men about the world on that scale unless you mean business.

And yet, as is so often the case, what seems at first glance a crackling fuse advancing on the global powder-barrel may prove in the end a life-line to salvation. The bold move by Fox will not have escaped the notice of Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Their Chiefs of Staff will lose no time in urging similar expansion under their own flags. Moreover, when their own military missions go darting from capital to capital rounding up soldiers it won't

be any use stopping at thirty thousand. When shooting breaks out on the Tolstoy front and the publicity begins to roll over in its deadly clouds, it will not be enough to match the Fox battalions man for man. In an arms race a dead heat won't do. So the morale of M.G.M. supporters must be boosted by news of at least a hundred thousand fighting men of international extraction. Among other world leaders Marshal Bulganin will undoubtedly co-operate. Who better to crush Bonaparte than a few crack Red Army regiments? America herself won't want to be left out of the credit titles. The Swiss Army will proffer half a division or so—only to be sent a gently-phrased form letter saying that casting is complete.

Meanwhile, Intelligence has got wind of all this at Paramount. And Paramount will have to double it. The recruiting director is on the long-distance line day and night, with offers of irresistible pay and allowances terms to Paris, Madrid, Whitehall, Istanbul. He finds himself repeatedly beaten to it by his opposite number at Twentieth Century Fox, who has by this time realized that his original thirty thousand Yugoslavs are a mere drop in the bucket. "Fifty dollars a day!" bawls Paramount, down a thready connection to Teheran. The reply is barely audible, but smug: "Fox are offering sixty, with free Scotch and a thousand-dollar gratuity..." Paramount wearily books a call to Rome...



In this way, with any luck at all, next spring should see the flower of the world's armies out of harm's way under canvas in, say, the Arizona Desert. By the happiest and flukiest chance, and one not even envisaged at Potsdam, Berlin or Geneva, the fangs of war will have been drawn. There, under the golden sunset, in an evening hush broken only by the intermittent nightmare shriek of a studio costing accountant and the splutter of a camp-fire's embers glowing redly on the cheekbones of Mr. Errol Flynn, Mr. Gregory Peck and Mr. Burt Lancaster, three great military organizations, fully panoplied and armed to the teeth, will nightly sleep in peace under the stars. And the Security Council will pack its trunks and disperse to its homes.

That is where it will make its big mistake.

There's going to be trouble. There's no sane reason why there should be, but there will be. Half a million men under arms have a dumb, sub conscious, deep-seated urge towards functionalism. It is an urge which, for some reason, conditions of comfort and leisure do nothing to assuage. Compared with life in, say, the Greek army, life in the M.G.M. army is a piece of cake: an elementary drill manoeuvre, repeated half a dozen times for retakes, and the day's campaigning is over. How could a Guardsman, fresh-plucked from the ardours of Wellington Barracks, be anything but content with a property man to clean his brass and webbing? In the Paramount legions he not only enjoys this unaccustomed amenity but can, when not actually before the

cameras, wear his cap on the back of his head and rest from the strain of squinting round the peak. As for Fox's hard core of Yugoslavs—just to be spared the daily shouts of "Tito, Tito!" ought to make their life a song. And yet . . . and yet . . .

It is in, perhaps, the second week on location that the whole thing flares up. A Fox corporal, making a bit of overtime keeping watch on a convoy of provisional story treatments near the border with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, makes idle contact with a private guarding M.G.M.'s historical reference library—a small group of breeze-block and plasterboard huts. There is the inevitable bragging bout. They each crack up their own mob until the private, sufficiently rank-conscious to wish to impress a superior, even in a different army, lets slip that M.G.M. have built a full-size Kremlin for the Moscow sequences. This is hard for the Fox man to take, because he knows that his own people are relying on models for these scenes; he goes off duty with his patriotism smarting, and spills the shameful news not only to his C.O. at Fox but to a redhead in the current Forces' Entertainment concert-party—who happens, by an unlucky chance, to be a Paramount spy. As Paramount have themselves planned to cut the Moscow bits and substitute a ballet, this is where the ogres of greed, jealousy and power-lust attach themselves for special duties all round.

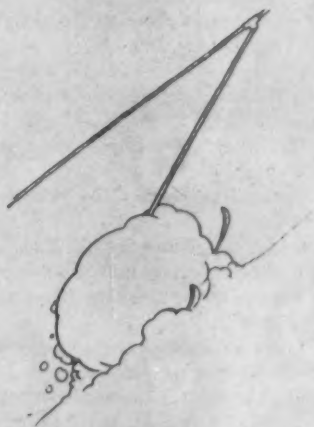
The Paramount director, who has argued from the first that to drop Moscow is a grave mistake, is inspired by the redhead's intelligence report to

cogent flights of oratory. "Didn't I tell ya it was great visual materic!?" he demands—"And here's that lousy Goldwyn gone and built it, crafty s.o.b., bricks, mortar, drains, onions on top, the works—and us, not even a mention in the narration-script." The producer-in-chief spreads his hands. "What am I supposed to do? There ain't no Kremlin in the budget." The director drops his voice to a mere vibrant murmur on the sound-track. "Now here's what you do," he says . . . and as he fades out, the music swells up ominously.

Cut to the Twentieth Century Fox lot. The top brass are conferring. Something in the set of their jaws suggests that they have heard the corporal's story, that they have been at first derisive, later only sceptical, and later still sufficiently impressed to send the studio helicopter on reconnaissance over M.G.M. territory, and that the man who now rushes in wearing Napoleonic uniform and a flying-helmet is the pilot returning with his report. "It's there!" he shouts—"large as life, and enough minarets to make a Mecca, two miles west of Six-gun Gulch!"

"Check," says one of the top brass. He glances meaningly at the others. All nod gravely. He reaches for the telephone.

Dissolve to the Kremlin in the Desert. Outlook fine and warm. M.G.M. have not yet begun work for the day, and apart from a handful of old bit-players, who have reached their defence positions early so as to get some shelter from the coppery heat to come, the building is





deserted. A Russian officer, looking into the rising morning haze, abruptly stops chewing gum and frowns. "What in heck's that, Al?" he says . . . and suddenly, rushing over the desert in their thousands, come the Bonaparte hordes of Paramount, firing, waving shakos and screaming battle-cries with all the pent-up enthusiasm of months of inaction. At their flanks and rear the sun gleams dazzlingly on the speeding camera cars . . .

Meanwhile, at Twentieth Century Fox, surrounded by tense executives, an effects-man in baseball cap and floral shirt stands with his hand on a plunger and his eye on a stop-watch. "So we have to get by with models," he mutters grittily—"so they have to get by with models. Four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero." He presses the plunger. Everything shimmers out of focus with the impact of the distant explosion.

Cut to the smoking ruins of the Kremlin. Thousands of angry French and Russian soldiers are running, shouting oaths in Polish, Rumanian, Spanish, Egyptian, Cockney, Bowery and Dutch. Here and there a pacifist assistant-director shouts for order, or fires a shot over their heads. But in vain. Even threats of suspension have no effect. The entire supernumerary cast of both M.G.M. and Paramount are rapidly exterminating each other when a quick-thinking continuity girl seizes a public-address microphone and denounces Fox's as the hand on the plunger. In a trice the combatants are united against the common foe, and

snatching up the first weapon that comes to hand—balalaikas, make-up boxes, beer-cans, old scripts, anything available—they pour out across the desert screaming vengeance.

The war is on. Already a few alert camera crews are putting up War Correspondent's flashes on their sleeves. In a matter of hours the eyes of the world will be focused on this new conflict in the dust. Directors and producers,

their eyes red and angry, are doing what they have wanted to do ever since *Birth of a Nation*, dress themselves as generals and instead of bawling "Cut" and "This is a take" brandish swords and urge their armies on from the rear.

Where will it all end?

With any luck, where it all started. It will call for the shrewdest possible action by the Security Council, before whom strong protests have, of course, already been laid by the delegates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and Twentieth Century Fox. But the problem is only one of containment. With wise supervision from the U.N. and a steady flow of reinforcements from all directions, there is no reason why a brisk, cathartic holocaust should not be kept going in the Arizona Desert permanently, leaving the rest of the world to get on peacefully with the hum-drum business of living.

It would be necessary, of course, in order to ensure complete success, for three other studios to start a tripartite production somewhere else—the Sahara might be suitable—which would involve the full-time employment of a few hundred international diplomats in the same relatively harmless way.

Sunday Swan Song

WE always sang, and on Sundays too,

Till the end of opening hours;

And though a piano and thirty boys
Can make a certain amount of
noise,

We never clashed with the civil
powers,

Or the Army either, as far as we knew:
They brought their boxes round a
lot,

And we dropped our coppers into
the slot,

As the price of saving a soul or two,
So long as it wasn't ours.

Our Sunday song-singing seemed all
right,

But now they're saying it's wrong;

The sad-eyed, solemn Salvation
chaps,

The girls in bonnets and boys in
caps,

Say Satan's snare for an idle tongue
Is secular singing on Sunday night;

It ought to be stopped by law, they
say,

And the beaks have taken our
ticket away,

And no one cares about who gets tight,
So long as there isn't song.

So up the street, where the buses stop
And the lights go green and red,

The holy singers with brass and
drum

Are hitting it up like kingdom
come:

But here the silence lies like lead,

And if somebody sings they'll call a cop:
For the merry noise that God goes
up with

Is not a suitable sound to sup with,
So landlord, lock the piano top

And let's get drunk instead.

P. M. HUBBARD



"Johnson, you're expelled!"

The Hash England Made of the Ashes

THE somersaults turned by cricket correspondents after the test match at Adelaide have prompted our own carping correspondent to deflate the English team before they start the final test at Sydney:

Yes, England has won the Ashes, but like almost every other cricket expert sent out by the Press to Australia I consider that everything Hutton did was wrong. I feel so strongly about this that I cannot bring myself to call him Len. What right had he to lose the toss at Adelaide? Surely Hutton has been playing cricket long enough to know that the first duty of a captain is to win the toss. He should have had a double-headed coin and a double-tailed coin; anybody with as many strokes at his service as Hutton should possess enough sleight of hand to use them effectively. The argument that such a trick would not be cricket is out of date. Cricket is not cricket to-day except when the Authors and the Publishers dabble about in the rain at Vincent Square. And even if cricket were still cricket a Test match would not be cricket. A Test match is something between trench warfare, mounting a bus in the rush hour, and waiting for a train on British Railways on the evening of Bank Holiday.

Hutton has had two first-class fast bowlers, but he has used them as if they were playing a game. When one remembers what Jardine could do with the body-line bowling of Larwood it was surely not too much to expect that Hutton with Tyson and Statham at his disposal would have made sure that not

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

a single member of the Australian eleven left the field alive. The excuse that the weather was too hot on the first day to think what anybody ought to do next will not stand examination. Noël Coward once made it perfectly clear to the rest of the world that mad dogs and Englishmen enjoy rushing about in the sun. Yes, but England won the fourth Test. I prefer to say that Australia lost it, which is not the same thing. If Australia had won should we not all agree that England lost?

Hutton made a big mistake before he muffed the toss by not playing Bedser. The fact that England won without Bedser is no answer. It was a grave error of judgment not to play Bedser, as most of the armchair critics at once pointed out. It is not fair to sneer at armchair critics. They are in a much better position to judge what ought to be done than men playing in a temperature of 110°. They see the struggle as a whole and can cable home to their papers an objective view of it.

Why did Hutton tell Cowdrey to use his nose to stop a ball at short-leg? Cowdrey is a stocky young man but he is not an elephant, and a cricket ball is much harder than even the buns at the Zoo. Cowdrey may own the auspicious initials M.C.C., but that does not mean he can perform the impossible. Would Hutton ask the Mayor of Pudsey to field with his nose?

Then there was that six when Wardle hit the ball at a lady among the spectators who had to receive first-aid from the ambulance men. If Wardle wanted to hit a six why did not Hutton tell him to aim at the Press box? Your carping correspondent and every other carping correspondent, like London, could have taken it.

Dickens' Mr. Wardle would never have behaved like that. Even if his sister had been sitting among the spectators at Muggleton with Alfred Jingle's arm

round her waist Mr. Wardle would never have tried to hit her with a cricket-ball. The only conceivable occasion on which one could forgive Wardle for such unchivalrous behaviour would be if he heard George Formby singing "My luvie is like a red red rose" to a female spectator at Old Trafford when Lancashire were winning.

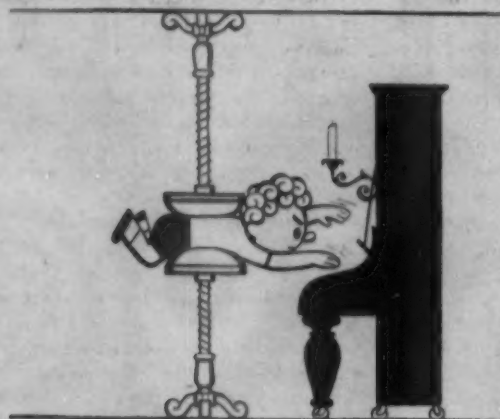
Whatever Hutton did he was wrong. After he was out at 80, when any moderately good captain would have hit a century, he apparently told Compton and Cowdrey not to make any runs at all for two hours. That is not the way to win even a Test match. Yes of course I know that England won. But why did Hutton allow the kangaroo to wag its tail by putting on something like a hundred runs for the eighth wicket? Hutton may argue that the tail of a kangaroo is a much more efficient organ than the kinked tail of a bulldog, but that only goes to show that he should have played Bedser and Loader. In justice to Hutton it must be pointed out that the M.C.C. selectors picked the wrong team to send out to Australia, as was only too painfully apparent at Brisbane. Another mistake Hutton made was in letting some of his team off to go and watch the Davis Cup tennis matches between Australia and the United States. Any one of them might easily have cricked his neck, and nobody can play good cricket with a cricked neck. Fortunately no harm was done, but Hutton took a serious risk in allowing his players time off to watch tennis.

However, in spite of all that Hutton and the touring side did to prevent it, England has the Ashes, and your carping correspondent can only wish that the ash-bin in which they rest were not quite so badly dented. Yes, England has won the rubber, but I hope people at home realize how much they owe to the cricket correspondents whose cool, confident, friendly and always infallible advice has made Hutton's task a sinecure.

"COOL AND CLOUDY FOR TEST
BEDSER'S REQUEST."

Daily Telegraph

We'll see what we can do.





"Sorry, didn't hear your name on account of that gelignite explosion."

Princess Bali-High in Grand Britain

SHE'S OFF—AND HARRY SOBS!

AT sea, Monday (by pigeon). As the streamer-decked, 2,000-ton canoe *Banana* slipped out of Carioca harbour this morning on the first leg of Princess Bali-High's voyage to the romantic coal-producing isles of Grand Britain, the crowd on the sun-drenched quay cheered—and a little boy sobbed "Where are they taking my auntie?"

Harry, aged sixteen, nephew of Mrs. Lula-Bi of the Carioca *Daily Periscope*, found the parting from this ace correspondent too much for him. But don't worry, Harry! We six hundred warm-hearted reporters, photographers and syndicated lip-readers, proudly conscious of Carioca's journalistic prestige, are snug in luxurious quarters well for'ard, and Mrs. Lula-Bi has found a key to the liquor store!

When the young Princess Bali-High crept from the hold to watch Carioca sink below the horizon I abandoned my poker game to read her expression through my spy-glass. "Au revoir, my homeland," said her eyes. "I am sailing far across the sea on a mission of good will. Already I have learnt much about the gaberdine-and-hotpot isles I shall visit—their races, customs, principal exports, etc. But I shall learn even more." Her hand rested lightly on the rail, and her arm was bent at the elbow, the upper arm going up to join her body at the shoulder. The left hand was out of sight, but I knew it was at the end of her other arm, at the far side of her body. It was, somehow, a characteristic pose. How tall she is, I thought proudly, as she stands in the moonlight with her shadow reaching as far as the eye can see! . . .

WE'RE THERE! SO IS SHE!

Grand Britain, Friday. Men in Cheviot tweed raincoats and the famous British meat-pie hats broke through the barriers as we docked at Northampton to-day, to get closer to the news-reel cameras. A great cry arose: "Look at the flipping height of her!" and in a twinkling the Princess was surrounded by multi-coloured pygmies. Some prodded her with their black parasols. "Cor," exclaimed a pinkish cricket-bat carver named Oscar Smith, "isn't she sun-drenched!" ("Oscar" is Celtic for "Bounding Warrior," and Oscar's family have been free since 1906, when his grandmother was kitchen-maid to an overlord.)

The Princess's first engagement to-day was to open the new road connecting Runcorn with Fazackerly. After a hundred little sons and daughters of

stage, screen and television personalities had presented their bouquets, the Princess accepted a beautifully-bound book containing names and addresses of the sixteen thousand five hundred tar-spreaders, roller-drivers and others connected with the construction of this magnificent highway.

"It is just what I always wanted," smiled the Princess, and a peasant woman exclaimed "She's one of us!"

An informal bathe had been planned in the Manchester Ship Canal, but the Princess noted the pleasure craft jamming its banks and put her shoes on again. I can reveal (*see picture, page 10*) that she wears cork inner soles and puts the left shoe on first, on the left foot.

INCIDENT MARS RALLY—BUT CAMERAMAN CARRIES ON

Chingford, Saturday. An unfortunate incident marred the Princess's visit to Hackney Swamp, where five hundred thousand gum-chewing children sulkily formed the word *WELCOME* and sang "How Much is that Doggie in the Window?"

As the childish trebles burst forth the Princess took fright and tripped over a cameraman, who was lying on his front to get a specially tall view of her in her

magnificent mango-fibre ulster. Luckily the Princess is a lightweight, and the photographer was soon able to join the crowd round Councillor Fred Elgar, who held a golfing umbrella over the Princess as she limped past an exhibition of exercise books.

It was a great day for this miniature councillor, for after the three-hour gymnastic display we dragged him aside and twisted his ear until he talked. Anyone, he revealed to us, of whatever rank or colour, may be elected to the Essex Council. Fred himself is greyish-cream. A private in the Land Army, he has had the same wife for twenty-eight years, and is learning the cornet. What a hit he would be in a Cariocan night-club!

The children to whom we spoke would only say "Bang-bang!" and scream with laughter. Indeed all the British are shy.

THEY GASPED AT HER GRASS SKIRT!

Blackpool, Monday.—Foam-topped breakers pounded this little carnival town to-night, lashed to a fury by a 100-m.p.h. gale as the Princess danced to traditional organ music in the famous Tower, where in olden times kings and queens were entombed. How the

villagers gasped at her small grass skirt, exactly matching her alabaster earrings!

But the Princess found even the restrained steps of the traditional British conga too much for her twisted ankle, and after one dance with a Civil Defence dignitary she retired to her dais, to sample pressed beef and trifle and chat animatedly with officials' wives. "I must have an early night to-night," she confessed, and left at five to one, just before the historic hall was closing down owing to the Defence of the Realm Act.

IS PRINCESS HOMESICK?

Llangollen (say "Thlangothlen"), Tuesday.—In a real Cariocan dry spell the Princess attended a garden party in the mountain-girt province of Wales. Here there are some lovely little red brick houses, and since the recent civil war the people have spoken only Gaelic.

Clearly Britain's rhythm singers have captivated the Princess. This afternoon it was Ann Webster and Zeigler Booth all over again as the choir sang "Cwm Rhondda" and "Aberystwyth" and the Princess shuffled and swayed in her gilt chair. Later she moved freely among the crowd of correspondents, several times remarking that it was "almost like home." Some Welsh held up tiny mirrors on sticks and were escorted from the park.

Before the Princess left to explore a coal-mine, she planted a half-grown sequoia to commemorate her visit. There have been suggestions that she is overtaxing her strength, but the *Island Times* man remarked to me that he thought her digging vastly improved.

The Princess emerged from the mine bearing a lump of silver-mounted coal, though whether she had hewn it all herself I cannot report, as *only thirty-five correspondents, and those British*, were allowed down. We have protested to the Cariocan Legation in London. It seems the authorities are forgetting that this is a good-will tour. *And when will the Princess get her swim?*

A DIP AT LAST!

Bude, Friday.—There was a sensation during the tour of the Junia Space-Suit Factory (spearhead of Cornwall's industrial drive) when Mrs. Lula-Bi, who was just behind the Princess as she inspected the swimming-bath, passed the word back that the royal visitor was



standing on the very brink of the deep end.

What followed was not clear, but I am able to reveal that Mr. Sand, the bath attendant, now proudly wears the Cariocan Order of Chivalry (Class III) pinned to his bare chest.

Is the Princess visiting too many dull factories, inspecting over-complicated machinery, sipping too much tea, munching too many biscuits? These were the questions we correspondents were asking as we downed our pink gins in the factory rest-room before hurrying off to attend a viola recital on Wight Island.

CURB THIS DRUDGERY—NOW!

Northumberland, Tuesday.—Feeling grows among us that Princess Bali-High is being asked to do too much. Who planned this gruelling tour? *Now is the time for the guilty men back home to admit their bungling, slash this overcrowded time-table before it is too late. Since the viola recital three reporters have been admitted to hospital with delirium tremens.*

Yesterday we spent an hour queueing to look through Mrs. Robinson's humble parlour window in London's East Side. Mrs. Robinson braved the famous Blitz alone. "We were all very brave, your Highness," came the quavering voice through the spotless lace curtains, "but I was braver than Mrs. Brown up the street. I hope I live to see the H-bombs. I've got a lot of witty Cockney sayings ready, to cheer everybody up."

At night we flew to Northumberland to watch a traditional music-hall show. The Princess, taller than ever with her hair waxed in the new single upward spiral, watched naked old women in dirty feet posing as Britannia, Eve, Dawn, Hope, etc., and traditional singers giving comical songs such as "I Believe," "There Must be a Reason," and "Bless this House."

Meeting the performers in the fragrantly disinfected foyer, the Princess exclaimed: "What a pity the music-hall is dying! I'm sure you're going to miss it."

A BRAW BRICHT NIGHT

Auchtermulloch, Thursday.—Who says the British are timid, reserved, lazy, dull, ugly, rude? Who calls Britain the land of gloom, fog, custard, dreary ceremonies?



"Thanks, fellows—it was really quite easy. I made her a simple, unacceptable proposal; she countered by threatening to break off our relationship; I made it clear that in the eyes of all the neighbours she would seem to be the stubborn one; meanwhile, I stalled for time to let the vodka go to work; finally, I produced the marriage licence."

Not us, after our hectic night out with the Wee Frien's o' Rabbie Burns in this little Highland village!

Burns was the favourite butler of Queen Victoria, who often visited this wild province of Scotland, home of snow-capped mountains and fairy folk. But elves and pixies were forgotten as we ate boiled sheep's stomach, drank the fiery local liqueur, cheered the men's band of blowpipe players in their checked skirts, roared out sad choruses, threw walnuts, jumped on balloons, scrambled for paper hats, broke up tables, danced an eight-hour jig, had a fight with bottles, and finally burnt the place to the ground.

Truly this is a triumphant tour!

The Princess herself was unable to attend, owing to a slight nervous breakdown.

ALEX ATKINSON and ANDE

A Child's Consolation

"OH, Daddy, why can't I read comics?

Grown-ups are so jolly unfair.

I think it's a swizz, an' I won't go to prison, So there!

"I could kill all those silly old Members For making such silly old rules.

Why should I be gypped of my corpse in the crypt And my ghoul's?"

"Cheer up! When I've done with the Sundays

I'll pass them all over to you.

So don't cry, my son; they'll be twice as much fun—

And they're true!"

R. H. YOUNG

Essay on Banyan : And the Cultivation of Tea

THE Banyanese are charming folk,
Polite and pleased to laugh and joke,
Though, it is not to be denied,
A trifle prone to homicide.
But one thing does make many boil:
It is their attitude to toil.
They do not think they were designed
For work of any wearing kind:
It is their destiny to bask
In some soft sedentary task.
They are opposed to honest sweat;
Nor will they labour in the wet.
The Indians, on the other hand,
Who settle in this lotus-land,
Belong to some more busy breed
And labour very well indeed.

Now, as you know, the wealth of B.
Is founded solidly on Tea,
An enterprise which, wrong or right,
Was managed by the wicked white.
For tea's a tricky, skilled affair,
Demanding discipline and care.
The little Cuppa tree is grown
Up in the hills, a rainy zone.
The tea-trees on the misty mount
Are far too numerous to count:
But each is tended, come what may,
By someone each eleventh day.
It *must* be tended, wet or dry:
You will be spared the reasons why—

But, briefly, if you let it be,
The jungle grows instead of tea.
While, if the soil you fail to nurse,
You get a desert, which is worse.
The Banyanese, I say again,
Refuse to labour in the rain:
Their labour they at once withhold
If it is misty, damp, or cold.
And so among the precious trees
One seldom sees the Banyanese:
The Tamil plucks and prunes the tea
Which means so much to you and me.

Well, some of you were still at school
When little Banyan got Self-Rule—
A Parliament in British rig,
The Speaker's Chair, the Speaker's wig—
And all the crows in all the trees
Cried "Banyan for the Banyanese!"
The wicked whites who ran the show
Were, naturally, first to go:
In Bumbo's populous Whitehall
There are no wicked whites at all
(For there are just the jobs to please
The gentle-bodied Banyanese).
Nor are things what they used to be
For wicked whites who grow the tea.
Disgusted, they depart or die:
And no new white man need apply.

But Banyan does not take this tone
Towards the wicked white alone.
The toiling Tamil joins the list
Of those who cannot co-exist:
Which one could better understand
In some industrious Northern land
Where it does definitely irk
To see a foreigner at work,
But is surprising on a soil
Whose natives are opposed to toil.
At all events, by high decree,
The Tamil is to put to sea.

Meanwhile, the Government, to pay
More Civil Servants every day,
Have put an export tax on tea,
Which seems a little odd to me.
And I should mention, I suppose,
That when the bad white planter goes
The locals purchase his estate
And wreck it at a frightful rate.
They think that anyone can grow
A cup of tea, which is not so:
They think that doing what is right
Is one more whim of wicked white.
These cultivators can't endure
Such simple measures as manure,
Ignoring, if they understand,
The swift erosion of the land:
So where the Banyanese have been
The soil of Banyan can't be seen.
What matter? For a little while
Dame Nature serves them with a smile:
And after thirty moons or so
They get their money back, and go.

But Nature never can repair
The mess that Man's created there.

So what with people at the top
Who won't do justice to the crop,
And workers with a lazy strain
Who will not labour in the rain,
And Ministers who think it right
To tax their exports out of sight,
I see a slow but certain noose
Enveloping the golden goose:
And you may have to look elsewhere
For your beloved Tea. But there—
Self-Rule, *etcetera*, have won,
Democracy is having fun;
Here are in practice, after all,
The high ideals of Whitehall:
It is for this the British race
Have toiled and spun in time and space,
The exit of the wicked white—
So everything is quite all right.

A. P. H.



MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

Assault Course

(a) THEORETICAL

1. "The avoidance of flesh-wounds is an essential element in the headmaster-parent relationship." Comment briefly, giving the number and date of the Ministry Circular from which this quotation is taken.

2. A Mrs. Hopkins has called to complain that her boy Arthur has been sharply spoken to by the Geography mistress and reduced five places in his form order. The Geography mistress attempts to defend her action on the ground that the boy repeatedly belaboured her above the knees with a rolled-up map of South America. Would you consider it your duty

(a) to apologize at once, with an offer to reinstate Arthur Hopkins in first place

or (b) to dismiss the Geography mistress

or (c) to await a reprimand from the County Educational Authority before taking any decisive action?

3. Show, with the aid of a sketch-map, how you would barricade yourself in your study should Mr. Hopkins call.

4. It was held, in *Snape v. Johnson*, that a sister-in-law, though not the pupil's next-of-kin, is in certain circumstances justified in thrashing a schoolmaster in the open street. Say what the circumstances are, with special reference to *Goodbody v. Tomlinson*, *The Wessex County Council v. The Headmaster of Scarthorpe Junior Mixed*, and the Wranxome Grammar School massacre.

5. Either give, using the wording of the official handbook, the authorized parry against a direct umbrella-thrust at close quarters.

Or state in your own words how you would treat a frontal scalp wound.

6. Describe not more than three occasions on which you have yourself been assaulted by parents or boys, giving details of

(a) number and type of blows landed

(b) terrain, I.Q. of complainants, police intervention (if any)

(c) any special circumstances of interest, e.g. use of the globe in self-defence, attitude of staff and prefects, whether free-issue milk bottles thrown, etc.

7. Write a short report to the Local Authority, justifying the wholesale confiscation of knuckle-dusters throughout the upper forms of a medium-size primary school. The report

Headmaster's Certificate—Advanced Level

should contain a properly-worded offer to submit the matter to independent inquiry.

8. "My object will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys I can scarcely hope to make."—*Dr. Arnold*. Discuss this dictum, in the light of modern educational theory.

(b) PRACTICAL

1. Candidates will be required to administer one stroke of the cane to selected volunteers of average build. The object to be attained is a combination of firmness with an absence of savagery. Marks will be deducted for the raising of any weal or contusion such as might be produced as evidence in a court of law.

2. A Tactical Exercise without Pupils or Parents. The exercise will be designed to enable candidates to display tact, agility, use of ground and obstacles, promptness in calling up witnesses, knowledge of the law of Trespass and Battery and of the basic principles of defence when cornered, and a thorough understanding of the importance of give-and-take in the operation of the educational system of the country.

3. The employment of Television for the quelling of serious School Riots. Candidates will be asked to demonstrate the latest techniques.

4. Steadiness Test. A mock Attack in Strength by parents, using thunder-flashes, etc. At the conclusion of this Test, candidates will be invited to say, in their own words, what they think about almost everything.

H. F. ELLIS

"The service was said in Latin. In answer to the question whether she took the Prince for her husband, Princess Maria Pia replied 'Sim' ('Yes') in Portuguese. Prince Alexander replied in French."

News of the World

"Princess Maria responded to the question to the bride in Italian with a soft-spoken 'Si.' Prince Alexander said 'Yes.'"

Sunday Express

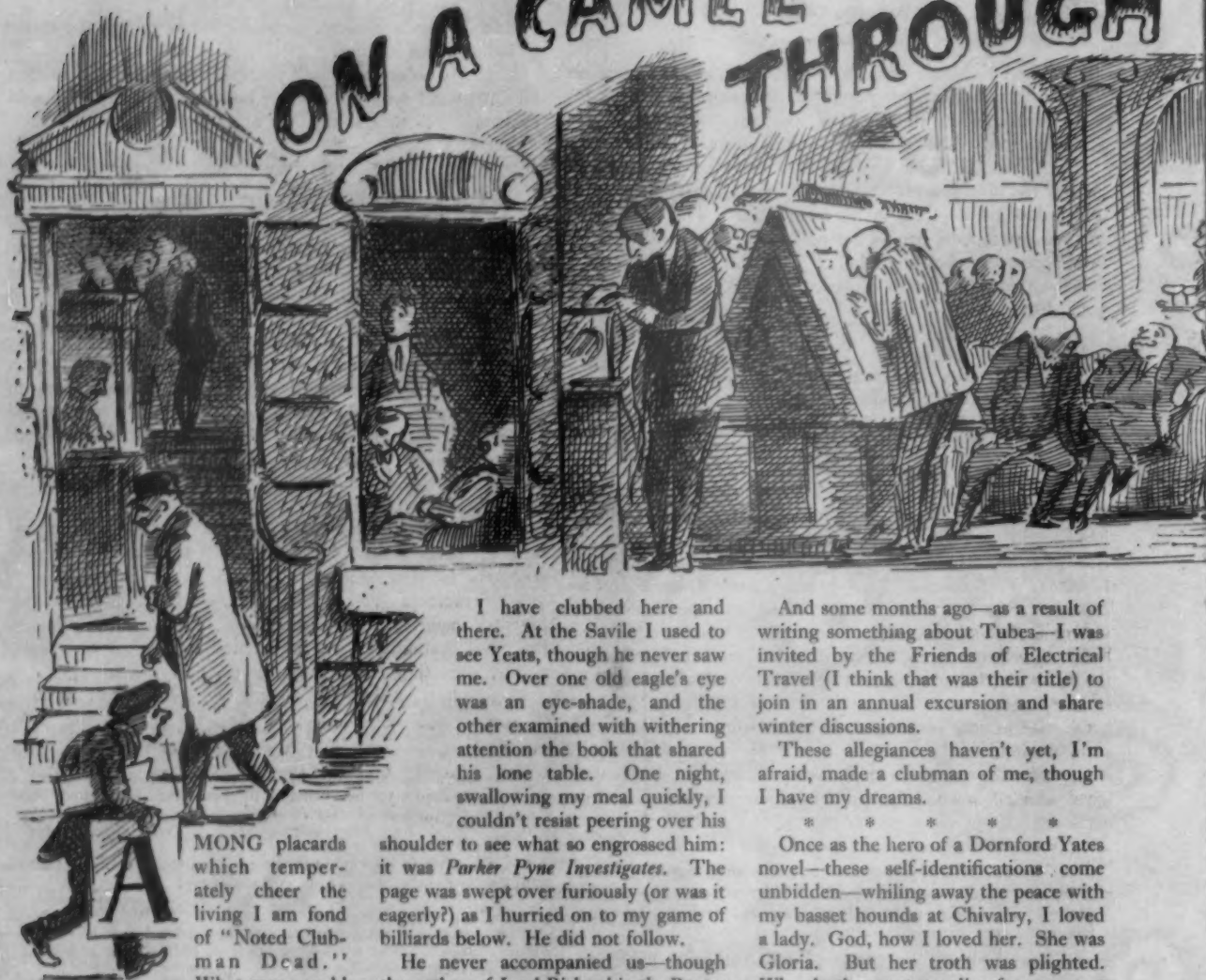
"The ceremony was performed by the parish priest of Cascais, Father Almeida. The vows were made in Latin, bride and bridegroom in turn crying 'Volo.'"

The Sunday Times

It's final in any language.



ON A CAMEL THROUGH



AMONG placards which temperately cheer the living I am fond of "Noted Clubman Dead." What more could a clubman hope than to be noted, and must he not die? The three words have said everything, and we pass on to our lunch-bars refreshed, glad that Fame—even though only of the early editions—should have touched him.

One thing we may be sure of: Clubland was to him no mere El Dorado or abstraction. He had walked its ways, breathed its air. Sunrise over the Athenæum, encounters at the long tables, dancing with Savages, sorties into dark alleys to rescue a fallen comrade, Beefsteak mornings, and Bath nights: these must have been his. He has said good-bye to the pancreas of things.

I have clubbed here and there. At the Savile I used to see Yeats, though he never saw me. Over one old eagle's eye was an eye-shade, and the other examined with withering attention the book that shared his lone table. One night, swallowing my meal quickly, I couldn't resist peering over his

shoulder to see what so engrossed him: it was *Parker Pyne Investigates*. The page was swept over furiously (or was it eagerly?) as I hurried on to my game of billiards below. He did not follow.

He never accompanied us—though the author of *Lord Richard in the Pantry* did—when at the New Year we would breeze off to Whipsnade for dinner in a room walled with glass, on which deer and kangaroos pressed their noses. That was before the B.B.C. infiltrated clubs, filling every corner with a voice or a face.

For several years I was an Author, enjoying the view over the Thames, if not the sofa-springs, which seemed designed to fit only that most buoyant of Authors, the late Hugh Kingsmill.

I was, and am, a member of the Cranium, a select dining club in a secret panelled room, to which repair a surprising number of Stracheys wearing astrakhan hats.

And some months ago—as a result of writing something about Tubes—I was invited by the Friends of Electrical Travel (I think that was their title) to join in an annual excursion and share winter discussions.

These allegiances haven't yet, I'm afraid, made a clubman of me, though I have my dreams.

Once as the hero of a Dornford Yates novel—these self-identifications come unbidden—whiling away the peace with my basset hounds at Chivalry, I loved a lady. God, how I loved her. She was Gloria. But her troth was plighted. Why do the most angelic of women get themselves *fiancées* to a cad? This fellow had the yellow streak all right. I wouldn't have trusted him an inch in a slip-trench. And he was winning heavily. One night at the Camel Corps I caught him red handed. I taxed him with it—"Rigged!" "Liar!" riposted he, cool as a cucumber in June. He upset the table; and the committee giving him the benefit of the doubt I sent in my letter of resignation.

Ah, the hell of it! No one who has not had to give up his clubs can guess what I went through . . . the old faces at the old windows . . . I could almost hear them saying "Who's that down there in the fog? Sir Willoughby, by

CLUBLAND



George—remember that *fracas* at the Camel Corps, nothing for it but give up his clubs. What's that he's waving? A Union Jack!"

So it was back to the desert. Dear old Khurs: hadn't seen tails since last time. (Over Lady Aniseed.) And not till they are literally in rags, half torn off my back by Dervish hordes, shall I return...

* * * * *

The ticker-tape by the pillar, the fires at the end of long rooms, stair landings with statues, deep, deep chairs under high ceilings, hushed card rooms, forsaken libraries: they are all immensely receptive. A Trappist could belong to any of our more established clubs without exciting more than the comment "Quiet chap."

Old heads lean together, legs are loosely crossed, easy stares seek the mid-distance. I like to hear that the cold pie is good, to delve deep in Stilton; and if I'm lucky I may see how an actor, famous for his stage meals, disposes of real boiled beef and dumplings.

Above all I like to approach that bright oval in the billiards room door, where I must pause till the stroke has been made; a miscue, perhaps, but gracefully carried off (with a "Mongkay, mong Dew!")—worse French mitigating bad shot; then I hasten to find a coffee table in the surrounding dark. As the

balls softly collide, to set off on their mathematical journeys so faultlessly independent of the player, I care nothing for strikes and hydrogen bombs, which I have hung up with my coat in the hall.

This euphoria can't last, and we must be off. Rare indeed is the loiterer who can stop for tea—a tea with anchovy toast—to be followed by dinner and the Roman days stretching ahead. From a deserted window seat he gazes down at the kerb. Empty! Gone that invisible thread which through wet afternoons would link match-seller and cigar-smoker, each perhaps fancying himself in the other's shoes.

* * * * *

Most of the things that swelled clubs—bets, plots, and villainous leisure—seem vanished. Estates no longer change hands in a night; royalty stands off; woman has sailed into the dining-room carrying a tray and even, in some quarters, as a guest. Is the end in sight?

So it is feared. But clubland has its staunch strongholds. Bachelors resist the attacks of shepherdesses from the adjoining market, and one can still kick, or be kicked, at White's.

* * * * *

The other day I was strolling along Pall Mall. One should stroll. Mr. E. M. Forster used sometimes to coast up to

the Reform on a bicycle, but that—as the eye of the porter indicated—was Peter Pannish.

Ahead of me was a small gentleman. He also was strolling, or would have been if his legs had allowed. They formed an almost perfect hoop; bowler hat jammed down on ears, stout gloves, a little stick or switch, a military creak of the arms proclaimed both his profession and his club. But how on earth, in these strictly mechanized days, he had managed it, except by sleeping in a strait-jacket, with his legs clamped to a tyre, I couldn't imagine.

While I was admiring this strange dandy, who preceded me on the pavement with a stiff, bristly action—surely the last of his breed to survive—I saw to my amazement another, no less gap-legged and somewhat larger, approaching. They met; shivered; raised sticks to hats; circled; relaxed; exclaimed together "Grrr!" and "Hrrm!" There were blowings, turnings this way and that, appeals to the sky, smacks of canes on calves—all, I presumed, conversational openings; and I should have liked to wait, for the sake of the first recognizable word, if such should be forthcoming; but at a near by club—not *theirs*—I was keeping somebody waiting.

Should I, I wondered, ever belong?

G. W. STONIER



Civil Liberties

By CLAUD COCKBURN

GIRL I knew from Ohio who wanted to see the real England took me straight from a polo game on some suitably green sward to a meeting of a Society dedicated to the task of preventing people getting buried alive.

She said it was typically British to bother so much about such a possibility. I said that, come to think of it, it was a bothersome thing to have happen to one. She said but only the British had Societies—it seemed there were several of them, hating one another for being on entirely the wrong lines and not understanding properly the underlying principles of the thing—to prevent it. We ought to see how they operated.

Subject of discussion at the meeting we attended was a proposal—rather sound, I thought—for having all the cemeteries in the country centrally heated: so then, if you did get prematurely buried you'd be perfectly cosy and come to in good shape to ring the bell for the attendant to hurry over and get you out of there.

Almost everyone on the platform spoke in favour of the scheme, many taking the view that not having such

installations was a blot of large size on our national copy-book.

Then a chap, a member of the Committee, rather a business type, made a very damping speech indeed, saying that the whole project would cost a minimum of two or three hundred million pounds, and where was that coming from, he would like to know?

Naturally he was shouted down, but at several later stages of the discussion he bobbed up and made other remarks along the same lines—wet-blanket talk about labour, and cost of materials and stuff like that.

The girl from Ohio passed the somewhat crude and sweeping remark that this business type was obviously the only sane person on the platform, and she said that if we wanted to know more about this organization he was clearly the man we had to talk to after the meeting.

We button-holed him, and she sugared him in that dreadful journalist way, congratulating him on the stand he had taken. Realistic. Said she thought some of the other speakers were a little lacking in realism.

He said "Of course they are," and he

looked like a bank manager turning down a loan request from some visionary fellow. "How," he asked sternly, "can you expect to persuade the Government to put a sum like two or three hundred million pounds in a project like this when there isn't, so far as I am aware, a single vegetarian in the whole Cabinet?"

This whetted the girl's appetite for this kind of British life, and whenever we saw announced a meeting of a Society for getting this and that done more, or that and this done less, we had to rush off and attend it. Kept us busy. For it's a fact, and personally I'm in favour of it as showing everyone we have nice characters and deplore evil, that there are more organizations shouting "Stop it, you brutes!" per square mile in the British Isles than anywhere else in the world.

(Never mind that business of saying with a sneer What effect does it have on the brutes? That's not the point at all.)

This is why I am glad to have been in at the literally cryptic birth of one of the most vigorous of them: I mean "literally" literally, because where this birth occurred was the crypt of the church of St. Martin in the Fields, north-east of the Nelson Column and south of the Coliseum.

Assuming, as I very much hope one may, that you are one of those people who think it jolly unlikely you personally are going to be batoned without cause by the gendarmerie, wrongfully arrested, mistakenly detained in a mental home, stoned in Belfast for looking like a Roman Catholic, prevented by some fool bit of bureaucracy from showing a film of outstanding cultural merit, or thrown off a soap-box when you have a perfect right to stand on it and make a speech, and nobody ought to stop you unless you speak blasphemy or the sheerest sedition, you may greet with fairly academic interest the news that this Council for Civil Liberties, which in such an event would come bustling to your aid, has looked up the records and discovered that it has been thus bustling for twenty-one years, and is about now celebrating this anniversary.

Unalert as I am to almost everything that happened here since V-J Day (and



"All we have to do now is think up a horrific name for it."

it turns out that isn't a terribly good thing to remember the way things are), I am in no position to assess just what the current standing of this organization may be: it has had its ups and, I don't suppose anyone would deny, downs.

You'd look at it one day and there'd be a list of Vice-Presidents as long as your arm, half of them consisting of the spryest kind of Peer, and the kind of publisher you met in some of the best restaurants in London, and a man famous for having been thrown in the river by roughs on Mafeking Night for saying, in the middle of the Strand, that he thought the whole carousal was based on a political and moral misconception.

And then the heat would go on from somewhere, and next time you dropped in it turned out that the Peers and publishers were dashing for cover because someone had said that the whole thing had been captured by the Reds, or else it was the stooge of the Labour Party, or, they said, was being used as the merest stalking horse for the Liberals. And now that a man called Viereck has raised a political shindy in the United States by stating that McCarthy is a sort of Red, and General MacArthur has turned out to be a pacifist, one can understand why people got so confused and suspicious.

Far as I can recall, this birth of the Council for Civil Liberties was brought about by a saint-like man called Ronald Kidd, who thought things could be done about things. He organized this meeting in the crypt of St. Martin's, and before we had to clear out to make room for the meeting of some other Society we had a Society ourselves.

Kidd, who looked like the canon of some rather forward-looking diocese, had a hovel-like dwelling opposite a public convenience in a mews, called Dansey Place, a half-block or so from Shaftesbury Avenue. Without much thought for what on earth he was going to use for money he had offered his whole-time services free to the Council, and thus the only way to keep anyone alive at all seemed to be to use this dwelling of his as the Council's offices and the Council would pay the rent, which was about the lowest anywhere in the centre of London and would have been cheap at half the price at that.

At that time we had people on the

Committee or Council or whatever we called it such as prominent novelist E. M. Forster, and Editor Kingsley Martin, and a lot of lawyers who later made frightfully good and are Q.C.s now, or well on the way. (This Shaftesbury Avenue sojourn was experienced in the mid-nineteen thirties.) Membership extended from Communists in reasonably good standing to Liberals, and the man that thing happened to on Mafeking Night. Leading to a certain amount of misunderstanding. There was

a time when I was arguing so passionately in favour of doing something or other to prevent something or other—it seemed pretty vital at the time—that one of the Elder Liberals suddenly jumped to his feet and cried "It's getting to be time to arm the masses."

I was a bit taken aback by the effect of my words, and sought to soothe him. But he had already re-seated, and was looking a bit bewildered. "By the way," he said, peering round at the company, "how, exactly, *does* one 'arm the masses'?"

One of our first tasks was to organize a lot of "observers" to go to Hyde Park on the day when a demonstration of Hunger Marchers was being held there. The last demonstration they had, there had been "allegations of undue violence" against the police, and although the Hunger Marchers had said "Yes they did" the police kept saying "No we didn't" and nobody could finally agree what occurred.

This time we were going to have Publisher Victor Gollancz, and noted Professor Harold Laski, and Author H. G. Wells, and a lot more of the same big-calibre figures right there in the Park, observing, and in that way the truth would emerge.

Kidd was nervous lest some of our big guns would fail to turn up—the day being one of the chilliest of London



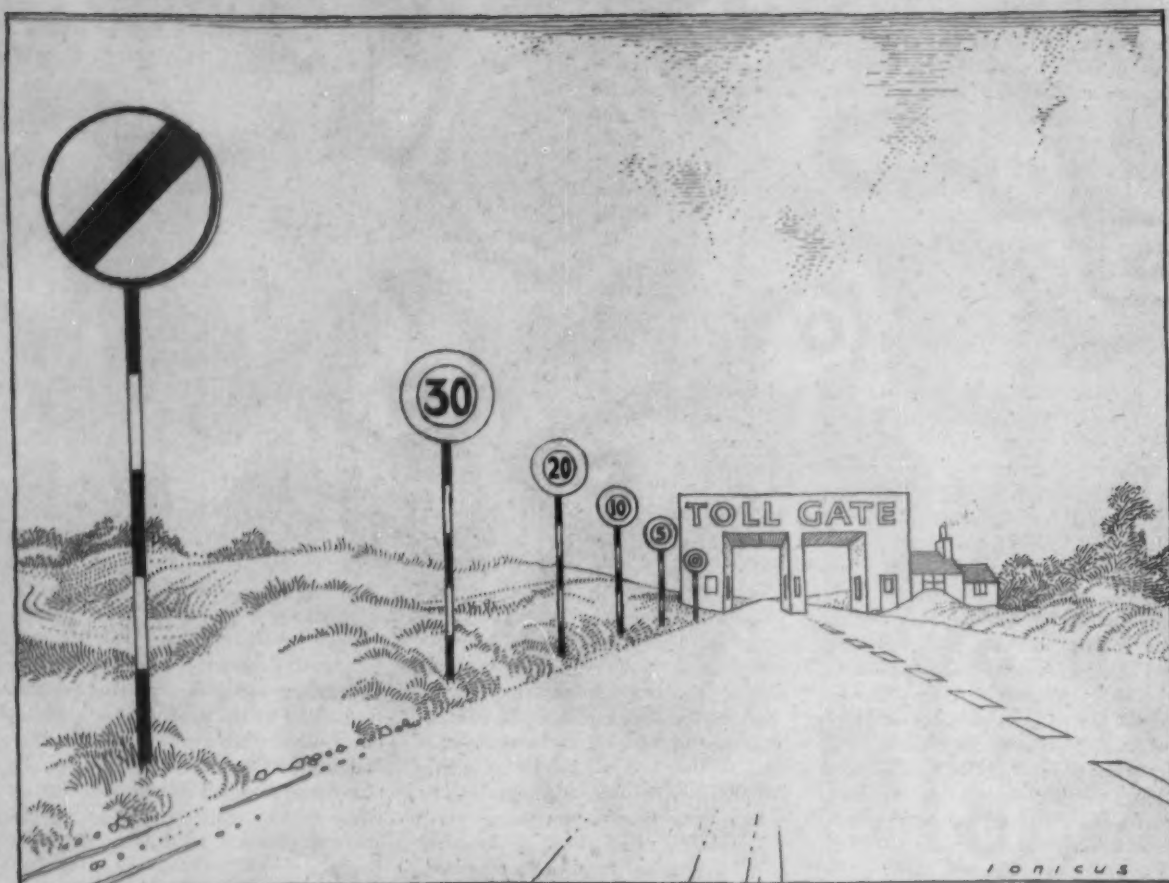
Sunday afternoons. Members of the Committee were detailed to go and fetch them at the proper time, and the one I was to fetch was Mr. Wells. He had been ill, and after he had loyally abandoned a good lunch we trotted down the draught-torn passage of his apartment house, with the Baroness Budberg loyally trotting too, wrapping mufflers round him, and pushing his umbrella into his hand.

In the park itself the mounted police were drawn up on the grey horizon, and our observers—flower, you could nearly say, of cultural London—strolled across the huge space intervening between them and the temporary platforms from which the Hunger Marchers were to speak.

Suddenly Mr. Wells dug his umbrella into the mud and said "I refuse to go any further. I detect," he said, turning to me, "your plan. At any moment now, as a result of some pre-arranged signal on your part, the situation will get out of hand, the police will charge, a dozen prominent authors and legislators will be borne to the ground, and you will have the incident you desire."

Just at that moment it looked to me like quite an idea and I was sorry I hadn't thought of it earlier.

However, nothing whatever happened, and since nobody could say what on earth might not have happened if our



Council had not been on the spot, we became nationally known overnight, and people from far and wide who felt themselves spurned by bureaucrats, menaced by tyrannical authorities or just generally kicked about and done down came rushing to Dansey Place with such enthusiasm that part of the staircase gave way and people looking for Civil Liberty had to jump.

Kidd, who liked order, and was surrounded by something awfully like chaos, was the only person who had a diary or engagement book or list of things to do, and—no doubt in self-protection—adhered rigidly to this, whatever might be going on. One of his most frequent engagements was to go to a place called Braintree, which is somewhere in Essex, and prevent the people of Braintree being prevented from assembling in some place they wanted to assemble in for public

meetings, but from which they were in some manner being debarred.

If the Blackshirts had seized power, or Hitler suddenly come over, on a day when Kidd was due to go to Braintree, Braintree would have been where he would have gone to.

I thought this an admirably cool way of dealing with things until one day when, in order to "test" some new police regulation preventing people making speeches near Labour Exchanges, I went down to South London and made a speech in a prohibited section of the street and got arrested.

When I was being put in the cell at the police station a rather nasty know-it-all sort of policeman who was in charge said with a sneer "Don't suppose you'll be here long. Your friends that organized this'll be along in double quick time to bail you out."

Secretly I was happy to agree with

him. Ronald Kidd, Secretary of the Council for Civil Liberties, would be along to take care of this important sector of the fight for freedom. It was particularly important to me because when they locked the cell I found I was out of cigarettes.

It was only after a couple of hours that I remembered with a shock of horror—seeing the long, smokeless hours till morning stretching ahead of me—that it was one of Kidd's days for Braintree.

But of course I don't suppose anything like that could happen in the Council for Civil Liberties now.

6 6

"Great news for dogs and cats . . . 'The Worming Horror abolished.' TASTELESS—
— TABLETS acclaimed by 5,000 satisfied users."—*The Daily Telegraph*

Let's see one or two unsolicited testimonials.

Modern Types

Mrs. Kitty Wake

By GEOFFREY GORER

WHEN Mrs. Kitty Wake is referred to in conversation somebody usually remarks: "But she's such a brave little woman." People with a turn for originality sometimes use the adjective "courageous," and one man, who didn't know her at all well, called her "gallant"; but the general consensus among her large range of acquaintances—she has few friends—is that she is brave, little, and a woman.

She is undoubtedly a woman, with every feminine physical attribute strongly marked; indeed in recent years they have become so accentuated that together with her height, which is slightly above the average, one wonders why she is so invariably referred to as "little." True, she often refers to herself as "little me"; but women do not always accept the claims other women make about themselves. Mrs. Wake's women friends insist on her littleness as much as on her bravery.

The chief manifestation of Mrs. Wake's bravery is that she does not directly complain of being a widow. She has been in that state for a considerable number of years now, for Captain Wake was killed in one of the earlier campaigns in the last war, after a very few years of marriage. They had been sufficient however for Kitty to get used to being married and to enjoy having a man around the place; no house, she felt, was complete without one of these useful domestic animals.

Although she mourned his death quite sincerely in the first months of widowhood, her most lasting feeling was one of being ill-used; she grudged the married women of her acquaintance their husbands, as she would have grudged them their cars, their television sets, their washing machines and their children's maids, had she not, in these latter instances, been able to afford herself all of them, usually of a type satisfactorily more expensive than those of her rivals. It did not seem fair that she should be singled out to be deprived of the most important of all amenities.

She did not manifest directly this sense of ill-usage, but she developed into what might be called a professional

widow; on every suitable occasion—and they were surprisingly numerous—she pointed out to married women how much easier it was for them to choose a boy's school, or deal with bank managers, or get a tyre changed, or an electric fuse repaired, than it was for a poor helpless little widow like herself.

She made these complaints very amusing, elaborating and exaggerating the difficulties with which she had finally "coped," eventually turning these recitals into her chief contribution to the gaiety of the bridge and cocktail parties at which she is so frequent a guest. When she returns hospitality she apologizes charmingly for the fact that women do not know how to choose wine or mix cocktails; in fact her sherry is so dry that it is almost dehydrated, and her cocktails, though strong, are rather nasty.

Although she has succeeded in turning her widowhood into her most valuable social asset, it is very unwillingly that Kitty Wake remains in that state. Should the occasion occur, she would be most willing to "make another man happy"—that is the phrase she always employs, even in her articulate thoughts; in her day-dreams, and her real purpose, a more appropriate adjective would be "useful."

Unluckily, the social set which Mrs. Wake so successfully enlivens is lamentably short of unencumbered males. Although they still think of, and on occasion refer to, themselves as "the younger married set," nearly all their children are of boarding-school age; and the odd unmarried man who makes an occasional appearance at their meetings is liable to be a "confirmed bachelor," as they phrase it, expert at evading even the bravest of little women.

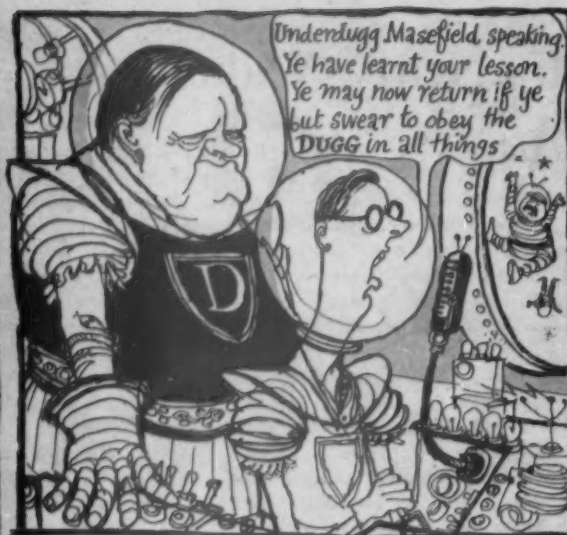
These bachelors need all the skill of their evasive tactics, for nowhere does Kitty Wake demonstrate her bravery more dashingly than in their pursuit.

It is little use, she has found, waiting for them to make the first move; she is ingenious in discovering their addresses or telephone numbers, and makes use of this discovery to invite them to accompany her to some sporting, dramatic or musical event, she having unexpectedly been "given a couple of seats." If this first invitation be accepted she manages during the course of it to suggest the way her hospitality should be returned in the near future; if her captive guest makes the necessary response Mrs. Wake proposes during this second outing.

Although she has now had quite a lot of experience in this manoeuvre, it is not without emotion that she clutches the hand of her practically unknown escort, calls him "Sweetie" or "Duckie" and explains how much more she is attracted to him than to any other man she has ever met before, and how she feels they must have lots of things in common. Some recipients of this declaration interpret it as an invitation to immediate seduction, but they quickly discover their error; though Kitty Wake is so eager to be married again, she doesn't want any more of "that sort of thing," thank you, except as the necessary price for having a man about the house; her other escorts are either embarrassed or terrified. In either event, she practically never finds her third invitation accepted.

If it were not for the fear that it might "get about" among her acquaintances Mrs. Wake might consider applying to one of the matrimonial bureaux, whose advertisements she reads with such avidity, and perhaps she will nerve herself to take this step one of these days, since private enterprise has been so consistently unrewarding. After all, she has quite substantial assets to offer; and all she really wants is a man about the house.





In the City



A Daimen Icker in a Thrave

UNDER conditions of full-to-over-flowing employment (one and a fifth jobs per person) any shrimp of an office boy can ask for the earth and be fairly certain of getting a piece of it. It took Mr. Kipps and company months to summon up enough courage to remind the boss that they were starving: it takes our modern go-getters no time at all to decide that last week's rise has been offset by some slight increase in the wholesale price of copra, sheepdip or isotopes.

You feel that you deserve an extra sixpence a day? Very well, claim ten shillings. The realist asks for his rise, *plus* something to cover the effect of the desired increment on the cost of living, *plus* something to cover the inflationary influence of the something, *plus* . . .

So you must not be cross, Mr. Butler, sir, if my respectful Budget suggestions seem over-bold: Stentor himself would need a loud-hailer to make his presence felt in this noisy and aggressively acquisitive economic set-up.

I have five requests to make:

1. Will you please abolish surtax? You see, I ask for rather more than you are likely to concede. This year you will have a surplus of something like £300 million, and can well afford to ease the pinch in the shoe of those who pay what a schoolgirl of my acquaintance calls *super* taxes. Justification? Well, surtax begins its deadly work at £2,000, a figure that *has not altered* since pre-war days. Everything else has gone up and it is about time inflation caught up with this high-water mark of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. A pre-war income of £1,000 p.a. is now matched by one of £2,800, and a pre-war £2,000 would be worth more than £5,000 in the debased currency of 1955. So surtax, to be equitable, should now start at about £5,500, and since I know nobody who earns (or

receives, if you object to the bread-winning terminology) as much as £5,500 I see no point in keeping surtax alive. Hence my plea.

2. Will you please cut purchase tax? No ulterior motive: I do not plan to buy a car or a fridge. My intentions are strictly honourable; I merely wish to read something other than articles on the perfidiousness of purchase tax in the columns of the *Daily Express*.

3. Will you please wipe out the profits tax? The reasons prompting this request will be enumerated in a forthcoming article—to be written by the director of a company with a capital consisting almost exclusively of Preference shares.

4. Will you please increase family allowances and the earned income allowance, reduce the duty on petrol and tobacco, and set free the poor man's gin-and-tonic?

5. And, finally, will you make all these fiscal adjustments without damaging the economic health of the nation? I admit that your first duties are to scotch inflation, to apply a brake to exuberant private spending, to cut imports (except of industrial raw materials) and stimulate exports. And I admit that at first sight these desiderata and my humble wants seem irreconcilable. But, then, what's the use of being Chancellor of the Exchequer if you can't have your cake and eat it?

MAMMON

In the Country



The Wall Game

IF you live in a small English village you become in time insulated against gossip and virtually impervious to scandal. This process of inoculation takes about thirty years. The time depends on the thickness of your skin. Old people, of course, become immune a little quicker, especially if they are a trifle hard of hearing. Even our dead

lying up in the churchyard are not beyond the reach of our tongues; when we are tired of licking over their lives we spit at their reputations. As the vicar says, the only reason why the Devil does not take up permanent residence in Devonshire is because he is afraid of the slander there. Certainly he would find no privacy. To live in the country is to live in public.

And it is that which explains all the activity going on around me. Everybody in the village has suddenly begun building walls round their gardens. Scanty hedges of privet and fuschia are being uprooted and replaced by fortifications 18 inches thick and 6 feet high. These constructions are going up at an enormous rate, as we all get down to the job of defending ourselves against ourselves.

The immediate reason for this building is not that a Peeping Tom has come amongst us: rather the opposite in fact. Last Christmas a Londoner came down here and bought The Grange, and before we could find out his business or observe his habits the wretched fellow began to build a high wall round his garden. It was a most unneighbourly act and quite ruined my view of his study. Naturally, we all assumed that his building proved he had something to hide. Suspicions grow ranker when quite unfounded.

But watching the ease and speed with which he built his wall we have all begun to copy his method. No bricks, stones or concrete blocks were used. No mason was employed. He used a wooden shuttering made of two oak planks, 8 feet long and 18 inches deep. The two sides were bolted together at each end. This coffin-like contraption was open at the top and bottom, and all he did to build his wall was to ram earth into the shuttering, which, when filled, was shifted to rest on the top of the wall, and the filling then commenced again. He used soil and rubble taken from his garden, and rammed with a piece of iron on a stick similar to the thing roadmen use. Apparently the châteaux in France were constructed in the same fashion, the earth removed to make the moat being used to construct the keep.

At any rate, to our dismay we saw these walls go up within a fortnight. They have dried so hard that you can't drive a six-inch nail through them to make a peep-hole. Consequently we are all at it now, making quite certain that if we can't overlook him he will have nothing on us. At this rate life will be very dull next winter.

RONALD DUNCAN



Monday, February 14

The Opposition found a very weak spot in the Government's defences

House of Commons:
... and Sometimes Tea

when at question-time they flung their massed battalions against the matter of the rising price of tea, and a certain amount of ground was undoubtedly lost. Miss BURTON led the assault with a question about the increasing profits in the tea trade, and Dr. HILL, beginning in his most ebullient form, repulsed her with a quotation from the *Socialist Review*. When Mr. ALBU accused the Government of having "fiddled" tea stocks at the time of de-rationing, and Mr. NABARRO stigmatized the verb as "opprobrious," shouting and counter-shouting became general, with if anything a slight advantage to the Opposition, whose chorus was powerfully augmented by the fruity diapason of Mr. RICHARD STOKES. Dr. HILL by then had little to tell except that he reckoned high prices were better than rationing, a dictum which, when applied to old age pensioners (somebody had to bring them in) led Colonel LIPTON to ask the resilient doctor if he was willing to be regarded as the most horrible Parliamentary Secretary the country had ever seen. It was Colonel LIPTON, appropriately enough, who announced that he would raise the tea problem on the adjournment.

When the topic veered from tea to meat, cheese, and the cost of food in general, and Dr. HILL could offer no defence other than the argument that food prices had risen even more under the Socialists, the uproar became still worse. It was, as Mr. ATTLEE so rightly said, simply tiresome for him to repeat constantly what had happened under

the previous government. But that was the only shot in Dr. HILL's locker, and even when Mr. STOKES gave him a last chance, "before you resign," to come clean about the increase in food prices, he could only reiterate that "in the last three years of the previous administration the cost of living had nearly doubled." For once, and in spite of some neat sallies against the Co-ops, and other targets, the doctor was quite deflated.

Food continued to be the topic of conversation in the ensuing debate, which dealt with herrings. The faintest whiff of a herring will always lure Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY to his seat in the Chamber; but on this occasion the most remarkable apologist for that under-rated fish was Mr. GRIMOND, who allowed his culinary imagination to run riot in recipes for herrings with "milk, sherry, whisky, and other preparations": not, presumably, all at once.

Tuesday, February 15

The taste for uproar at question-time is a heady one, and the House, having

House of Commons:
To Arms!

sampled the delight of it yesterday, decided to have another bout. They began with nothing more than hilarity when Colonel LIPTON asked Mr. HEAD to prevent the sentries at Buckingham Palace from "being used as stooges by any flibbertigibbet coming over from Hollywood to pose for pictures," and Mr. HEAD was unable to propose any other solution but the posting of a second sentry in front of the first one. But when Mr. WYATT asked a question about the troop-trials of the F.N. rifle, tempers rapidly rose. Mr. STRACHEY

tried to give the impression that if he had remained in office the British forces would by now have been equipped with the British E.M.2, but Mr. HEAD was having none of that. "No decision," he thundered, patting the dispatch box, "to go into production was ever made by the late government!" Amid the ensuing din Mr. WYATT, who often confuses ill-manners with emphasis, called out "That is a lie!" and was brought to order by the Speaker, who told him, in effect, that there was no objection to his calling a statement a lie but that he must use a suitably parliamentary equivocation. "But it is a lie," said Mr. WYATT. "What is one to do?" "Withdraw!" counselled the angry Conservatives. Very well, said Mr. WYATT, producing his required synonym, it's not a lie, it's a hundred per cent inaccurate.

So much time was lost by these and subsequent wrangles that under forty questions were answered, and the Prime Minister's batch, which included one asking him to send a telegram of congratulation to Marshal Bulganin, was never reached.

By comparison, the announcements made by Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD about the future of atomic power for civil purposes, which might well have been described as epoch-making, caused almost no stir at all.

Mr. WILLIAM DEEDES moved the second reading of a bill to end the requisitioning of houses by 1960, and Mr. DALTON, leaning genially on the dispatch box, moved its rejection. The only notable feature of the debate that followed was that no one on the Opposition benches called the bill anybody's charter. Perhaps they were not quite sure whose charter it was.

Wednesday, February 16

The fury of the House found nothing to feed on in a long list of questions for the Minister of Transport. At the end of his inn-

House of Commons:
Supplementary
Estimates

ings the Minister made an announcement about the future of the Comets which won approval even from Members so hard to satisfy in these matters as Mr. BESWICK.

After him came Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD again, this time to announce the changes in the membership of the Coal Board. There was a coo from the Opposition when he made a reference to the fact that Mr. Bowman, the new Deputy Chairman, had begun his working life at the coal-face; but Socialist M.P.s are an unpredictable lot, and the last word from their side came from Mr. DAVID GRIFFITHS, to the effect that the Minister's announcement caused them "the worst possible apprehension."

The Chair had some difficulty in keeping Members to the point during the debate on the supplementary estimates; but in discussing the extra £4,848,000 for the Health Service it was apparently in order to talk about food prices and experiments on babies. On the latter subject, the recent use of children as proving-grounds for new drugs without consultation of their parents caused indignation on both sides, and even Mr. MACLEOD's brave admission that he would not mind his own children being experimented on in those circumstances did not reconcile Members to such totalitarian behaviour. Later, a well-informed maiden speech

from Colonel ARMSTRONG on the subject of the Mau Mau troubles, of which he has recent first-hand experience, distinguished the discussion of an extra four millions for Colonial services.

Thursday, February 17

Their Lordships, who have had the Whips on all week and were threatened with having to sit after dinner to complete the committee stage of the Road Traffic Bill, succeeded in ending their deliberations a little after seven. Their eventful week has included a Government defeat and the discussion of clauses which, at their worst, have been so revolutionary as to propose that pedestrians should be subject to police direction.

Signor Scelba sat in the Gallery of the other House, watching the debating habits of the British parliamentarian. He might have felt more at home in the brouhaha of Monday and Tuesday; question-time to-day was so quiet and mannerly as hardly to amount to Parliamentary proceedings at all by Italian standards. Our Prime Minister, cheated out of his questions earlier in the week, got through two-thirds of his list to-day, but Signor Scelba, who put on his spectacles and watched the performance attentively, will have no anecdotes to take back to Italy when he goes.

After Mr. LENNOX-BOYD had made a dispassionate statement on the recent riots in Sierra Leone, the House returned to the Army Bill. The debate was kept moving by what may be called, without meaning any offence and using the phrase in a purely military sense, the lunatic fringe, who wanted to see



Sir Robert Boothby

such innovations as the freedom of Scottish soldiers to be tried by Scots law, and the addition of "other ranks" to the list of those qualified to sit on courts-martial. Mr. HEAD and Mr. WIGG between them kept the Army inviolate.

Friday, February 18

Mr. SHORT introduced a bill designed to undo the effect of the recent judgment against Birmingham Corporation and allow local authorities, at their discretion, to provide cheap bus- and tram-fares for the old, young, halt, blind or otherwise handicapped. Members representing constituencies who can afford these charities were sympathetic; Members representing poorer communities less so. Outside, the crews of London Transport were doing their best to close down the bus services to everyone, fit and unfit alike.

B. A. YOUNG



Lt.-Col. Lipton asked if there was any way of preventing the use of sentries as stooges by any flibbertigibbet coming over from Hollywood to pose for pictures.



BOOKING OFFICE

Impresario

Diaghileff. Arnold Haskell. Gollancz, 18/-

SERGE DIAGHILEFF (1872-1929) is one of the strangest figures of the world recently passed. Although he himself possessed no particular talents so far as the arts were concerned, beyond a general knowledge and love of them all, he had a profound influence on the way they developed. The success of the Diaghileff Exhibition, held last year a quarter of a century after his death, shows how much interest in him persists; although that is just the length of time which might have been expected to put him hopelessly out of fashion.

Mr. Arnold Haskell's biography first appeared twenty years ago. It was written in collaboration with Mr. Walter Nouvel and presents an absorbing story. Diaghileff's failings are not overlooked. There is, naturally, a recurrent account of theatrical arrangements and administration, which was, of course, Diaghileff's life. Although, from the reader's point of view, this all takes some sorting out, somehow the narrative never becomes wearisome.

Diaghileff, the son of a general, began his career in Russia as a relatively rich young man. He belonged to a group who were not interested in politics but were immensely keen on doing something to improve the hopelessly stagnant state of the arts in Russia. At first he turned his attention to painting.

Russian painting then (as now), by the standards of Western Europe, scarcely existed. There were perhaps a couple of fairly proficient eighteenth-century portrait painters (on one of whom, Levitsky, Diaghileff later wrote a monograph) and a school of genre painters of the 1860s, who painted sentimental little domestic scenes. Repin, the Russian star-turn, hated all French painting from Delacroix to Monet.

In 1898 Diaghileff and his associates launched a magazine called *Mir Iskusstva* (The Art World), which might be described as a kind of Russian *Yellow Book*. This was, of course, a very

different matter from a similar project in England or France. Not only was there suspicion on the part of the authorities but the difficulty of finding a competent printer, or blockmaker for the illustrations, was enormous.

In 1906, out of not very promising material, Diaghileff organized a successful exhibition of Russian painting in Paris. Soon after this, by way of opera, he found himself connected with what



was to be his career—the ballet. It is sometimes forgotten that in Russia before the Revolution such things as opera and ballet were already entirely run by the State. The ballet, although in a decadent condition, was immensely regarded. Its organization came under the eye of the Tsar himself.

Diaghileff found his way into this organization, but, pushing, difficult to deal with, full of new ideas in a circle of rigid conservatism in art matters, he was soon at loggerheads with everyone. In spite of influential supporters like the Grand Duke Vladimir, he had to go. That was what caused him to form the ballet company that took Europe by storm.

When Diaghileff brought his dancers to the West in the days before the First

World War he brought with him all the mystery and romance of Russian Orientalism—of which we have now all had quite enough. Then it was different. Bakst's gorgeous colours in *Scheherazade* and the Polovtsian dances in *Prince Igor* brought the house down. In his heart these magnificent spectacles were the ballets that Diaghileff himself loved best.

However, the war changed many things. With frightful struggles Diaghileff managed to keep his company together. He emerged into a society in which something entirely different from *Scheherazade* and *Prince Igor* was required. Diaghileff saw that unless he was adroit the leadership in intellectual fashions would slip from his hands into those of someone like Jean Cocteau—some young man who understood the new painters and the new musicians.

But Diaghileff was adroit. He immediately enlisted all that was most distinguished of the period. In doing so, however, he was forced to step on to the appalling treadmill of always having to produce something new and unexpected.

Constant Lambert (employed as a young composer of nineteen by Diaghileff for the ballet *Romeo and Juliet*) in his very brilliant book *Music Ho!* (which should certainly be republished) writes: "The sailor replaced the sex appeal of the oriental slave; factories, dungarees and tale provided the glamour once sought in fairy palaces and fastuous costumes; but the essential channel of attraction remained the same."

The Diaghileff Ballet left a mark on a whole epoch. Oddly enough, the one place uninfluenced was Russia, where the production of ballet continues on the same old-fashioned lines that Diaghileff rebelled against in 1908.

ANTHONY POWELL

Fable with a Laugh

Losers Takes All. Graham Greene. Heinemann, 7/6

Mr. Greene labels this skilful little frolic "An Entertainment"; but it is far lighter than the earlier "Entertainments," in which disgust with the world,

studiously defocused vision and a grim determination to demonstrate the moral implications of "the thriller" adulterated the levity. Now he has made the grade and he can relax completely, revelling and sporting in his own competence. The kind of professionalism that Mr. Greene shares with, say, Mr. Rattigan was taken for granted in the leading novelists of the last century. Mr. Greene is one of the few modern novelists of importance to write successfully on several different levels.

This tale of gambling by system, marriage in Monte Carlo, lovers self-crossed and bosses terrifying in their benevolence or indifference is a fable, but a fable that laughs at its moral. The writing is oddly uncharacteristic, but it has always been part of Mr. Greene's strength that he likes trying something fresh, and this book may be a stylistic exercise in preparation for his next major novel.

R. G. G. P.

The Tunnel of Love. Peter de Vries. Gollancz, 12/6

The narrator of this amusing novel is on the staff of a magazine resembling *The New Yorker*. Another character is an artist who draws unsatisfactorily but has good comic ideas; and so many of these are quoted that no comic-drawing editor can afford to miss the book. Throughout, it is as closely written as a good short humorous piece: it is such a mine of gags as to suggest that it was built up from notebooks full of them; one suspects that they determined the course of the narrative itself—something about a man whose unsuspecting wife is keen to adopt a child he knows to be his own.

The narrator is an assiduous epigrammatist (to put it no lower), his wife has a nice line in Irishisms, and the weakness of the thing as a novel is that parts of it are quite obviously detachable as the *New Yorker* pieces that some of them were. As entertainment, there is nothing wrong with it at all.

R. M.

Acton on History. Lionel Kochan. Deutsch, 12/6

In expounding Acton's historical thought Mr. Kochan is forced, if he is to produce a theory that lives up to the legend, to explain away, to admit and to criticize so much that one wishes he would dump *The Sage* and write his own book. Acton may have been a potential great historian but there exists hardly any "evidence" that he was a historian at all.

All that remains of his exalted broodings in his private library are some book reviews, a few brilliantly evasive essays, a couple of volumes of admirable lectures to undergraduates and thousands of little slips of paper covered with extracts from the work of other thinkers, often of thinkers about thinkers. These sound more like the raw material of a dictionary of quotations than of a history, and the



occasional comment by Acton himself, despite moral fervour and some intellectual arrogance, is often only a play upon ideas, a self-indulgent caressing of large, vague abstractions. Manning said of him, "Such men are all vanity: they have the inflation of German professors and the ruthless talk of undergraduates."

R. G. G. P.

A Ghost at Noon. Alberto Moravia. Secker & Warburg, 12/6

Alberto Moravia is certainly one of the most interesting novelists writing in Europe to-day. *A Ghost at Noon* is as good as anything he has yet written. The theme is a favourite one with the author, the relationship of husband and wife; in this case, Molteni, a young writer of film-scripts, and Emilia, who, after two years of happy union, suddenly "takes against" him. Moravia is so good at describing the difficulties of the sexes in adjusting themselves to one another that I sometimes regret his equal facility for making his books essentially readable novels that will have a popular success. In the story Emilia becomes disgusted with her husband on an unjust suspicion, but the characters (as in many good novels) are stronger than the author, and we feel that in truth she just tires of Molteni. The narrative would have been even more interesting (though perhaps less saleable) pursued along those lines. The grimness of a script-writer's position is admirably defined, and Rheingold is an excellent picture of a "psychological" German director. The touch of Pirandello in the aptness of the film to be produced is acceptable. An enjoyable novel for those who are not too squeamish about conjugal relations being examined caustically.

A. P.

The Bird's Nest. Shirley Jackson. Michael Joseph, 12/6

The Bird's Nest begins very well. It has style, a bizarre humour and an original quality that leads one to think: "Here it is at last, the real thing," but, alas, the author does not keep it up.

We begin with Elizabeth, dim,

suppressed typist at the local museum, who has a breakdown. Attempting to cure her by hypnosis, the local analyst releases charming Beth and mischievous Betsy. So far, so good—but we have only reached page 61. We have still a long way to go before Elizabeth's story is spun out to conventional novel length. We are promised a fourth personality, the sinister Bess, but when she is dug out of the dark unconscious she is a disappointment. There are, however, several funny scenes, the best of which shows us the four personalities, one after the other, taking a bath and using up all Aunt Morgen's bath-salts.

How good this novel might have been had Miss Jackson cut down on the repetitive, woolly passages of inner comment and all the case-book chit-chat between the squabbling personalities! How much better if she had given us a straightforward story! But the American novel just has to be clever. Miss Jackson is as clever, and as tedious, as a cart-load of monkeys.

O. M.

Soldier of Fortune. Ernest Gann. Hodder & Stoughton, 12/6

The scene of this latest novel by the author of *The High and the Mighty* is set in post-war Hong Kong with the topical background of an American held by the Chinese Communists in Canton. The difficulties that beset the wife of the American in her search for him are cleverly associated with conditions known to exist in and around Hong Kong to-day, while the peculiar and unenviable lot of the British police in their relations with the Chinese is presented with more understanding than would be expected from an American author.

There are excellent descriptions of Far Eastern customs and conditions, and many of the notorious characters usually associated with this part of the world, including an American deserter, are introduced. One is inclined to get the impression that the novel was written with an eye to its possible adaptation for the screen, but this does not detract from its appeal.

A. V.

AT THE PLAY



A Kind of Folly (DUCHESS)
Serious Charge (GARRICK)
Sailor Beware! (STRAND)

IN a comedy of manners the characters must be sufficiently amusing to make up for the fact that we are not allowed to care a fig what happens to them. OWEN HOLDER has evidently soaked himself in Wilde and Maugham, and written *A Kind of Folly* before he had time to dry. Now and then his epigrams flash, but his dialogue is weighed down by very juvenile jokes, among them the confusion arising from the coincidence that both his heroines, wife and mistress to the same man, are called Sarah. Shall this middle-aged play-boy (an intolerably dull dog) take back his wife, or shall he marry his mistress? The decision is of small moment, since nobody minds; but for a while the solution seems to lie in the arrival (unexplained) of a hearty official from the Equator, who by another coincidence has loved both ladies and still toys with the idea of marriage. This little quadrilateral is pushed around with enough skill to suggest that Mr. HOLDER may yet write a much better play, but the manipulation becomes tedious long before the colonial intruder, a born bachelor, takes fright, and the wife improbably decides to go off and nurse in the jungle; where I felt sure she would be eaten by ants, like poor Celia Coplestone in *The Cocktail Party*.

The play is set in 1910, and beautifully decorated by HUTCHINSON SCOTT. As

the wife, a thin part, FLORA ROBSON is miscast and sadly wasted. WILFRID HYDE WHITE gives his own casual edge to irresponsible cynicism, but with heavy repetition it grows blunted. So far as the comedy has life it owes this mostly to JEAN KENT, JACK GWILLIM and the author himself, who plays a very tiresome boy unsparingly.

Although above the level of its genre, *Serious Charge* remains a thriller, and it would be unfair to say more about PHILIP KING's third act than that it switches rather abruptly from psychological excitements to those of action. But it is still exciting. A young country vicar is framed for indecent assault by the bad boy of the village, abetted by a bitter spinster whom the vicar is holding at arm's length. The background has been carefully prepared in a clever first act; the characters are sharply drawn, and the easy, teasing relationship between the vicar and his ironic, worldly mother is particularly good. With the whole village against him, he comes to the third act on a very poor wicket. Other critics have complained that the villain is an urban spiv; unfortunately I seem to know this boy in the country. My criticisms are that the village schoolmaster, who believes in him, would have had his whole dossier; that the aimless spinster of thirty is almost extinct; and that the lush decoration of the vicarage, just to show that the incumbent has an eye for the arts, is economically too absurd. His mother claims to be poor, yet the electricity bill for the drawing-room alone would put most vicars in

Carey Street. Also, where is the bishop? All the same, a tense piece, which should be seen. OLGA LINDO and PATRICK MCGOOGHAN play the mother and son admirably, ANTHONY WAGER's spiv is sickeningly convincing, and VICTORIA HOPPER and FRANK LAWTON are effective as the spinster and the teacher, though the production might have made both of them socially more accurate.

Two first-nights running for the same dramatist must have sent the historians of the theatre scurrying to their records. In decidedly lighter vein PHILIP KING, with FALKLAND CARY, has also given us *Sailor Beware!* A modern taming of the shrew, set in an artisan home in the provinces, it describes the subjection of his future mother-in-law by a shy young sailor. What distinguishes *Sailor Beware!* from the tea-and-winkles school of popular comedy it so nearly resembles is that it is written with genuine sympathy—so that in the end we feel rather sorry for the crumbling bully—and works an energetic plot into its convincing documentary of the terrors of a humble wedding shadowed by a tyrant.

No stars, but admirable casting mainly from repertory, and at the centre a remarkable performance by an actress new to London, PEGGY MOUNT. If you can imagine the Battersea Power Station joining forces with an asp, on equal terms, you have her Mrs. Hornett. Produced by MELVILLE GILLAM, this simple comedy is acted soundly at all points, but special praise is earned by ANN WILTON's pathetic aunt, CYRIL SMITH's long-pulverized husband, RICHARD COLEMAN's charming A.B., SHEILA SHAND GIBBS' silly little bride, and ANTHONY MARLOWE's diplomatic vicar.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Shaw's *Saint Joan* has a new and interesting interpretation from Siobhan McKenna (St. Martin's—16/2/55). John Neville's *Richard II* should be seen (Old Vic—26/1/55), and Rattigan's *Separate Tables* (St. James's—29/9/54) remains the best new work.

ERIC KEOWN



William—WILFRID HYDE WHITE

Sarah—FLORA ROBSON



AT THE GALLERY

MANCHESTER CITY ART
GALLERY

THAT Manchester sees eye to eye with Epstein is apparent on passing the smoke-blackened entrance to the gallery. Here one is confronted with his golden life-size male figure "Youth Advances." As fully modelled and vigorous as any late Renaissance piece, it soundly confutes the fashionable whim that the day of realistic sculpture is past. Near by are his busts of Conrad and C. P. Scott, and interesting comparisons may be made between his exhibit and two Rodin figures upstairs. The collection

is small enough to be encompassed but not exhausted by a single visit, and contains in the large main gallery, on pleasant greenish walls, a dozen or so first-class, or at least very interesting, examples from the English school of painting. A fine Hogarth sketch—perhaps the best kind of Hogarth—"Pool of Bethesda" shows the painter's powers of dramatic illustration at their best among the maimed and toiling figures portrayed; and as a contrast there is a dashing if slight portrait study by Gainsborough of the elegant Lord Cathcart.

But for me the main attraction lies in a group of small works centred on Turner's large, swirling "Calais Packet." Here are to be found a Constable of "Hampstead Heath," as fresh and exciting as anything of his in the Victoria and Albert, and a cornfield scene, slightly less ecstatic in mood. An oil by de Wint (for authorship quite a difficult one to guess) portrays space and light on a tiny canvas in a manner as effective as that of de Koeninck in his huge lowland panoramas. And I was delighted to re-meet unexpectedly an old friend in David Cox's plain but subtle "Rhyl Sands," a canvas which has haunted me since 1933, when it was lent to the Royal Academy exhibition of British Art. The more recent pictures temporarily ousted by the Manchester Academy exhibition (closing February 27) include Sickert's delightfully comic portrait of Victor le Cour, a vast bearded man epitomizing the whole race of bourgeois café restaurant patrons.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

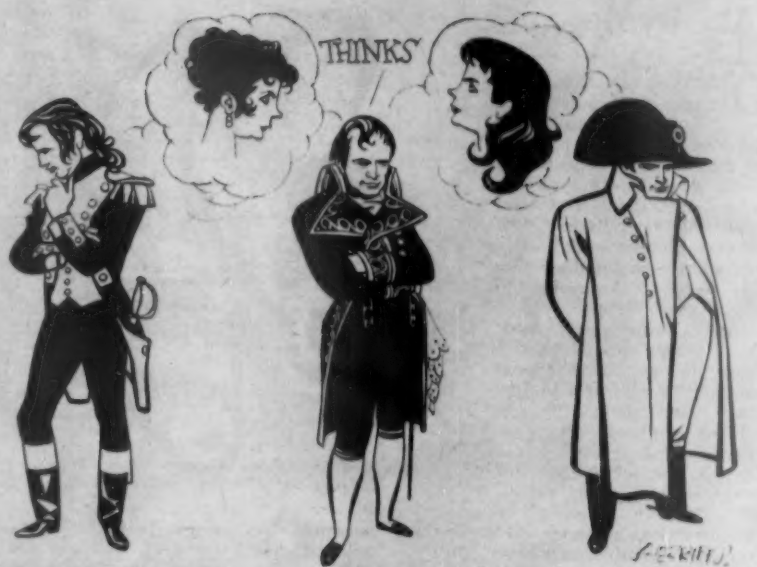


AT THE PICTURES

Désirée
Out of the Clouds

THE trouble with *Désirée* (Director: HENRY KOSTER) is that one can see the best-seller behind it. Not that I have read ANNEMARIE SELINKO's novel; but even through the screenplay by DANIEL TARADASH and through all the decorative distractions, some of them very handsome and distracting indeed, the qualities that made the book so popular are unmistakable.

They will make the film popular too, but their importance is hardly æsthetic. Here is the story of *Désirée*, a simple Marceilles draper's daughter who first met (and was kissed by) the unknown artillery officer Napoleon Bonaparte in 1794, and was loved by him ever afterwards, even though he married Josephine de Beauharnais for the sake of his career. The point is that the focus is on the girl (JEAN SIMMONS), one of whose characteristics is a habit of saying the first thing that comes into her head, the sort of thing calculated to arouse from the simpler feminine souls in the audience the delighted comment "Oo, isn't she awful!"—whether they actually say it aloud or not.



Bonaparte—MARLON BRANDO

Désirée Clary—JEAN SIMMONS

But it is the decoration of her story that makes the film worth seeing for the rest of us; and among this can be counted the Napoleon of MARLON BRANDO. His performance has had a mixed press, but I thought well of it. I am not, I think, being unduly influenced by the almost English accent he assumes for the occasion; to pay much attention to the presence or absence of an American accent in dialogue translated from another language is, after all, quite unreasonable. I found Mr. BRANDO's Napoleon a credible personage; the actor has pretty superficial material to work with, but he has the skill to use it so that the part "jells" into a developing, changing character. Miss SIMMONS's *Désirée* develops and changes very little, but that is the point of these dramatic, spectacular heroines with whom the ordinary feminine filmgoer is encouraged to identify herself: any development or change in character would make identification more difficult: the ideal is an ordinary girl to whom wonderful things happen while she remains an ordinary girl to the last.

It is a long, loosely constructed picture, a series of set pieces strung on the thread of *Désirée*'s diary: since it is *her* story, historical events have to filter with rather comic casualness through her record ("There has been a big battle at Waterloo"), and it has to be to her that Napoleon surrenders his sword at the end. Yes, an obvious best-seller; but many of the scenes are very well done, dramatically gripping and beautiful visually.

Out of the Clouds (Directors: MICHAEL RELPH and BASIL DEARDEN) is in essence

a more or less mechanically dressed-up documentary about London Airport, entertaining enough in its way, but not particularly worth considering as a fiction film in its own right. The types are too carefully diversified and collected, and too plainly types; there is a pretence that the whole thing is really a story like *The Young Lovers* (with one of the same players, DAVID KNIGHT), but the excuse and justification for the piece is too evidently to display "the largest air terminus in the world" and every sort of thing that goes on there. Mr. KNIGHT and MARGO LORENZ, as the pair who meet and fall in love between planes, do well enough; these are almost the only parts not obviously fabricated to represent a particular kind of airport character, and their scenes together are almost the only ones not similarly designed to show off some typical airport incident. In short—interesting but unsatisfying.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

New London films also include *Vera Cruz*, a highly-coloured adventure with the endearing touch of tongue-in-cheek that seems to be usual in BURT LANCASTER's pictures these days. There is a very interesting new Japanese one, *Seven Samurai* (same director as *Rashomon*). Umberto D. continues to be the most worth-while film in London; *Carmen Jones* (19/1/55) is available again; and there's always Cinerama.

Among the releases are a very lively musical, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* (see "Survey," 5/1/55) and *Long John Silver* (29/12/54), a roaring absurdity hashed up as a sequel to *Treasure Island*.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Mrs. Rising Price

ONE does not expect fireworks in a Sunday night "Epilogue," and certainly one would never expect any kind of religious postscript to the television programmes to prove distasteful. But those remarkable "popularizers" of the arts, Dobson and Young, managed the impossible when they were let loose in the studios with their gramophones, a formidable amount of ancillary apparatus and sundry helpers. Their programme, "World of a Difference," was unbelievably coy and smarmy: Dobson indulged in a gamut of emotional excesses, ransacked the film library for sensational titbits, and delivered a string of circumlocutions so banal and vague that no suspicion of a message emerged.

I realize that this is pretty heavy criticism of a light-weight programme, and I am sorry to belabour two pedagogues who have done such good work for music; but really! There was no uplift here, only embarrassment. I am amazed that the B.B.C. can fall from grace in this particular field with such a sickening thump.

The playlet *Go Fall in Love* was also unworthy of a Sunday night audience and was only rescued from utter tedium by a decidedly slick performance from Bernard Braden. The scene is a night club, and the action waffles between the bar and its drunks and the piano where sits the ne'er-do-well, disillusioned pianist Tony Grant (alias Braden, alias Douglas Fairbanks Junior, alias Hoagy Carmichael). There is a girl, of course, who loves the guy in spite of his age and his failures, and there is an Italianesque bar-tender who converses in rhyming



(Go Fall in Love)

Tony Grant—BERNARD BRADEN; Julie Thompson—BETTY McDOWALL; Harry Saunders—PETER DYNELEY

couplets. And that's the lot. A meretricious affair.

It will be interesting to see how the Conservatives react to Miss Elaine Burton's Party Political Broadcast, "Value For Money," a television talk delivered with immense enthusiasm and skill. Miss Burton's programme lasted twenty minutes, into which she somehow managed to compress about an hour's ration of the spoken word and at least double the zeal and fervour customary on these occasions. She achieved this minor miracle by maintaining a cracking pace from the gun, lapping methodically *à la* Nurmi and finishing without a hint of fatigue. I was reminded in some queer way of the electric hare at "the dogs."

Hitherto I have been impressed much more favourably by Tory television than by that sponsored from Left and Centre: in fact before Miss Burton's timely and timeless intervention a consensus of opinion put the Tories well ahead in the TV Propaganda Stakes, ahead in pro-

gramme content, production and presentation. But Miss Burton's performance has upset form so completely that we can now look forward to the General Election as a real contest instead of the walk-over predicted by the City and feared by all who enjoy their quinquennial bursts of political excitement.

Here was a subject to please everybody—the airing of grievances about high prices and low quality. Miss B. examined a boy's lumber-jacket, frayed and riddled after only a few outings: "Look at it!" she said. "It cost twenty-five shillings!" She exhibited children's shoes, curtains, carpets, all sadly the worse for wear, and all quite clearly examples of shoddy manufacture, misleading sales-

manship or both. And in houses large and small, wherever the TV antennae reach skywards, wives turned to husbands with the same savage satisfaction. "She's dead right, you know, dead right. Look at that new bedspread we bought from Skinflint's. Guaranteed fadeless and all wool! Since I washed it it looks more like a perishin' veil!"

Politics? No, not really. Miss B. referred to Labour's projected Consumer Advisory Service, to the rights of consumers everywhere, and to the admirable work of the British Standards Institution, but what she said could have been said with equal sincerity and purpose by Lord Woolton or Mr. H. F. P. Harris. The point is that Labour got in first with this major grouse, and will win important electoral kudos unless the ripostes of Cons. and Lib. are exciting and telling.

One word more. I strongly advise all political broadcasters to avoid the word "consumer." "Customer" is so much easier on the ear.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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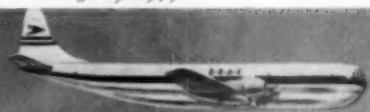
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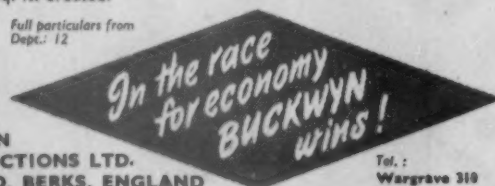
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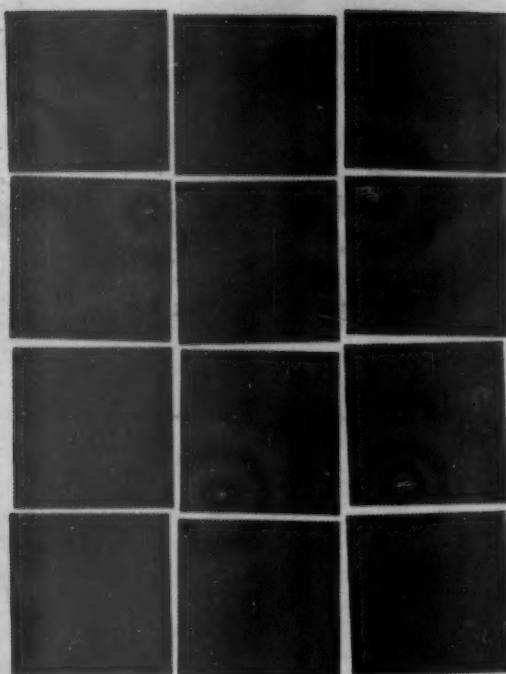
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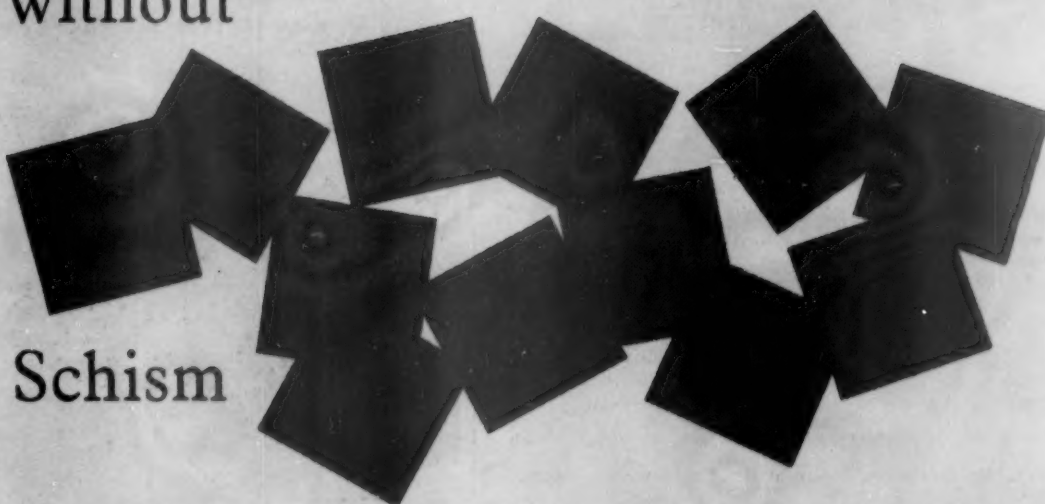
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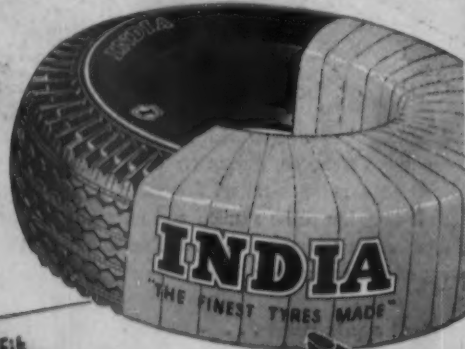
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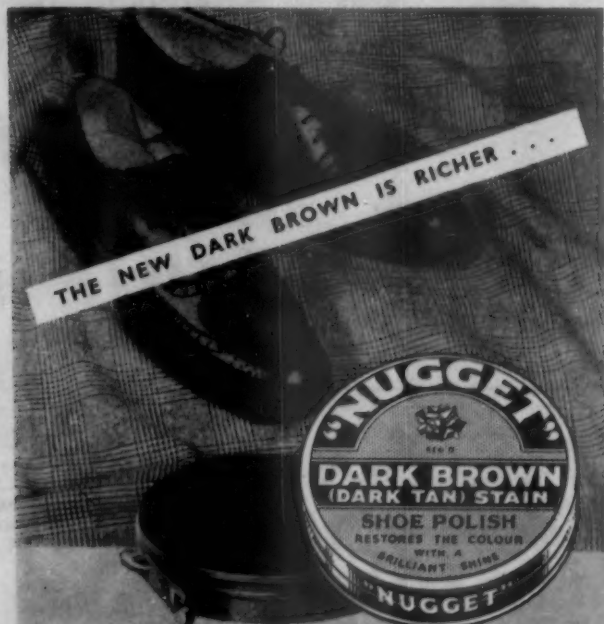


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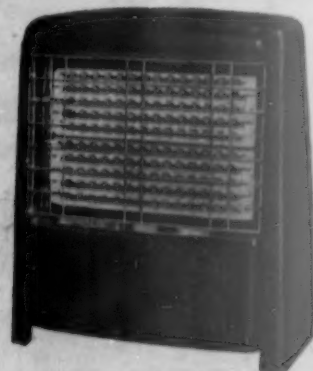
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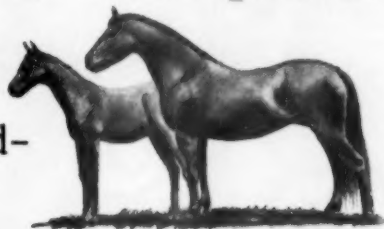
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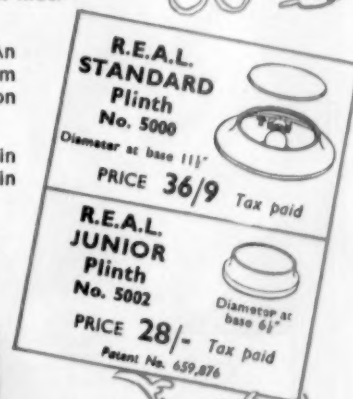
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